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All the News of the Week in Pictures.

VILLAGE DESTROYED BY A WATERSPOUT.

The entire population of the village of Fourneaux, near Modane, on the Franco-Italian frontier, has been rendered homeless by a tremendous waterspout and landslide, which have devastated the village. The bursting of the waterspout brought down from the mountain-side an avalanche of 200,000 cubic yards of rock and sand, which virtually destroyed every habitation in the vicinity, caused the death of five persons, and interrupted railway communication between France and Italy. The damage is estimated at £250,000. A terrific thunderstorm, accompanied by torrential rain, broke over the neighbourhood. In a few minutes the mountain streams were transformed into raging torrents. An immense sawmill, where thousands of planks were stored, was also washed away. Meanwhile the inhabitants rushed into the fields in the pouring rain. Those who went to cross the bridge over the stream found it destroyed, while the railway lines were torn up, and for about half a mile the track was covered with a deposit of gravel and rock thirty feet deep.

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FWS

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"Wild West" in Poland.

A passenger train on the Vienna Railway was stopped by the application of the automatic brake about six miles from Warsaw one evening last week.

Fifty revolutionaries then alighted from the train, uncoupled the mail-van, compelled the engine-driver to take it about two miles further on, where it was plundered, the robbers disappearing with a booty of £10,000 of Government money.

A passenger train was attacked by ten revolutionaries on the line between Herby and Czenstochau at noon on Saturday. A special saloon attached to the train was conveying General Zukato, Chief of the Frontier Guards; General Westenring, Chief of the Warsaw Customs; the cashier of the Custom House at Herby, who had £1,600 on him; and five soldiers of the Frontier Guard.

The revolutionaries shot dead all the occupants of the carriage, stole the money, and, in addition, wounded a colonel who was travelling by the train, the guard, and some other passengers.

The men then disappeared.

Some revolutionaries on Sunday killed a district policeman and wounded the director of a curtain factory and the proprietor of a bakery.

Photo, Photo Press.

The Man who Arrested Dougal: Detective Harry Cox, who has just retired after twenty-five years' service. He was a clever hunter of criminals, and amongst those he arrested was Dougal for the Moat Farm murder.

Gorilla at Large.

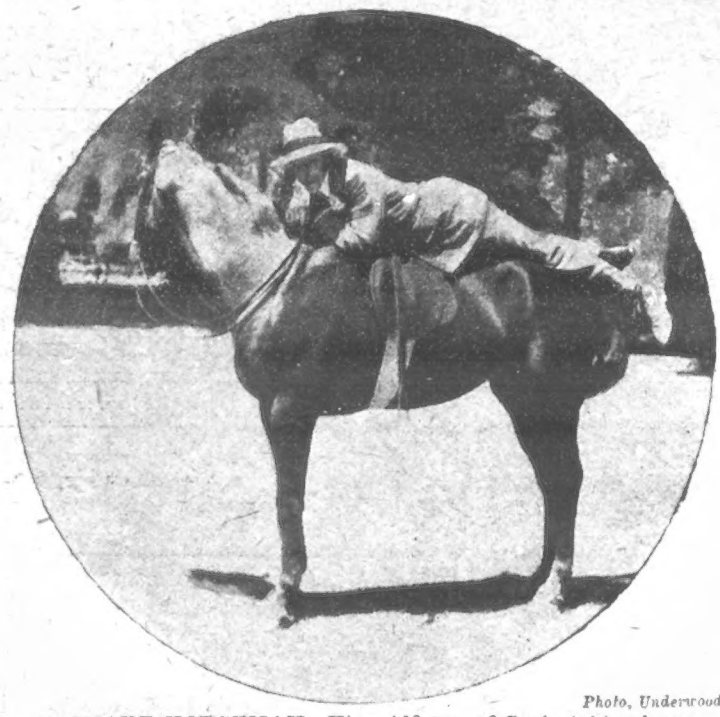
A huge gorilla which escaped from captivity a few days ago is spreading terror among the villagers who live on the borders of the forest of Berley, in the Canton of Fribourg.

The gorilla was brought from Africa several months ago by a wealthy explorer living near Berley, and was confined in a specially constructed house on his estate. One morning a servant who went to feed the animal found the gorilla-house empty and the door smashed to bits.

A few hours later a labourer, who was walking through the forest, encountered what he thought was a "hairy black man," skipping along some distance away. The animal turned in his direction, and he fled, shrieking with terror, whereupon the gorilla disappeared.

It was seen afterwards by several people. On one occasion the gorilla was apparently in a wild rage, and was lashing the ground with a heavy piece of timber. At night its howls can be heard by the cottagers.

In consequence the forest of Berley is deserted, and the authorities have been appealed to by the terror-stricken residents for protection. Gendarmes armed with rifles have been sent into the forest to kill the gorilla, but so far it has evaded them.



Photo, Underwood.

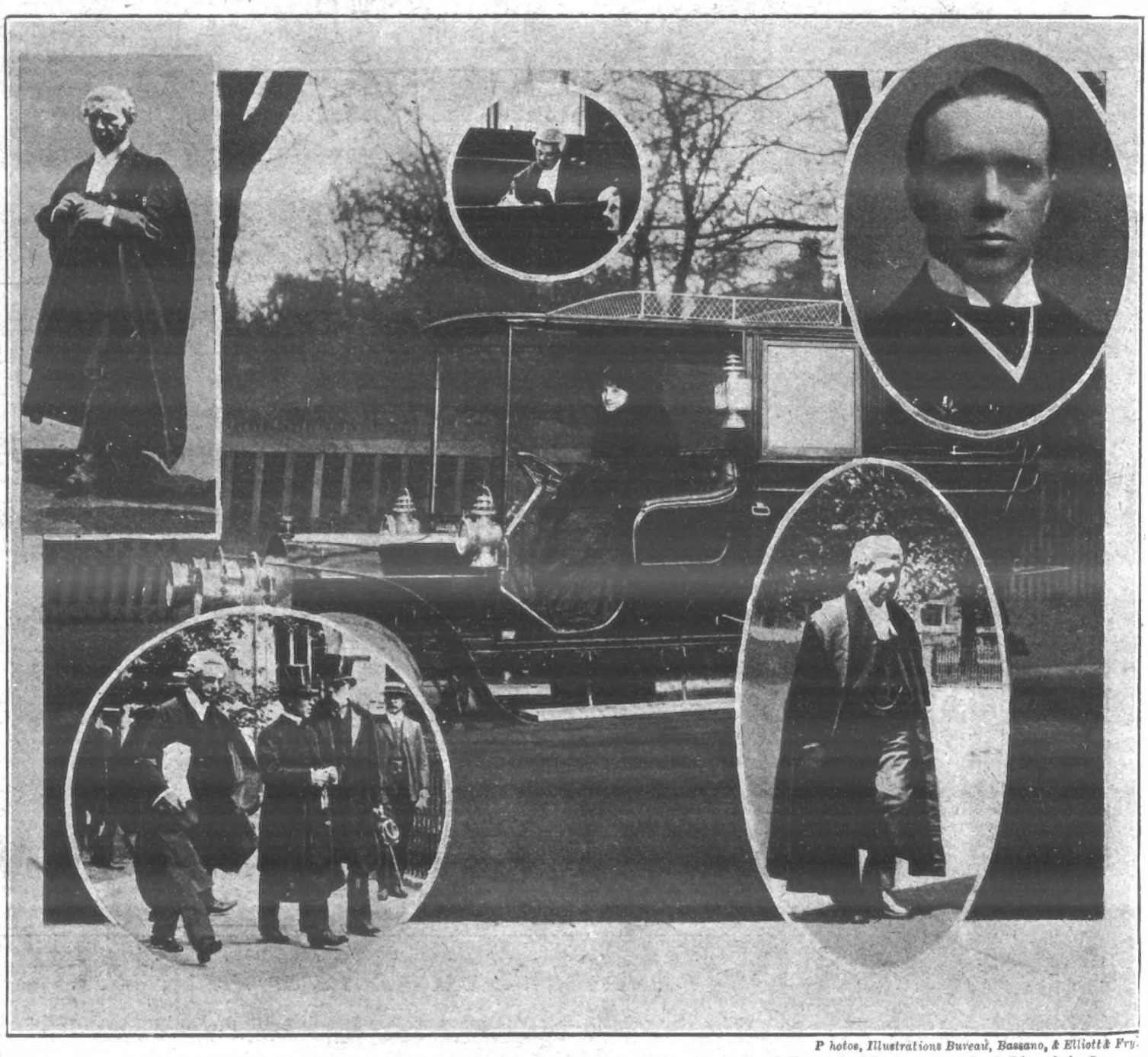
A SMART HORSEMAN: King Alfonso of Spain taking horse exercise in the gardens of his palace.

Murdered by Boy Brigands.

Two boys in a village near Naples, Giovanni Giambartolmeo, aged eleven, and Carlo Zanini, aged twelve, recently resolved to become brigands after reading a number of books of adventure.

When everyone had gone to bed the two boys set out, armed with knives and an old pistol, and, breaking the window in the house of an old man, who had the reputation of being very wealthy, the elder boy stepped up to his bedside and demanded "Your money or your life." The old man was too terrified to answer, whereupon the boy fired the pistol, but without effect. Both boys then drew their knives and brutally murdered the man.

They took the few coins they found in the house, as well as an old muzzle-loader. On their way home they met a policeman, who, not receiving a satisfactory answer as to where they had found the gun, arrested both. Their crime was discovered early next morning.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau, Bassano, & Elliott & Fry.

THE TOWNSHEND INQUIRY: This inquiry into the state of mind of the Marquis of Townshend was opened at Lincoln's Inn last week. Our central photo shows the young Marchioness in her motor. Inset, reading from left to right, are: Mr. Sutherst, father of the Marchioness, Mr. Justice Bucknill, who is conducting the inquiry, the Marquis of Townshend, the Rev. Mr. Davidson walking with Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous brain specialist, and Mr. Montague Lush K.C., the well-known counsel.

Dummy Railway Accident.

A skilful display was given at Greenford on Saturday by detachments of the Great Western Railway Ambulance Corps. A special train conveying more than 150 men from different parts of the line was drawn up in a siding, which had been arranged to resemble the scene of a railway accident. Dummy victims, each labelled to indicate the nature of his injury, were rescued from perilous positions by the railway ambulance men, who afterwards administered first aid.

Queen Alexandra's Latin Lessons.

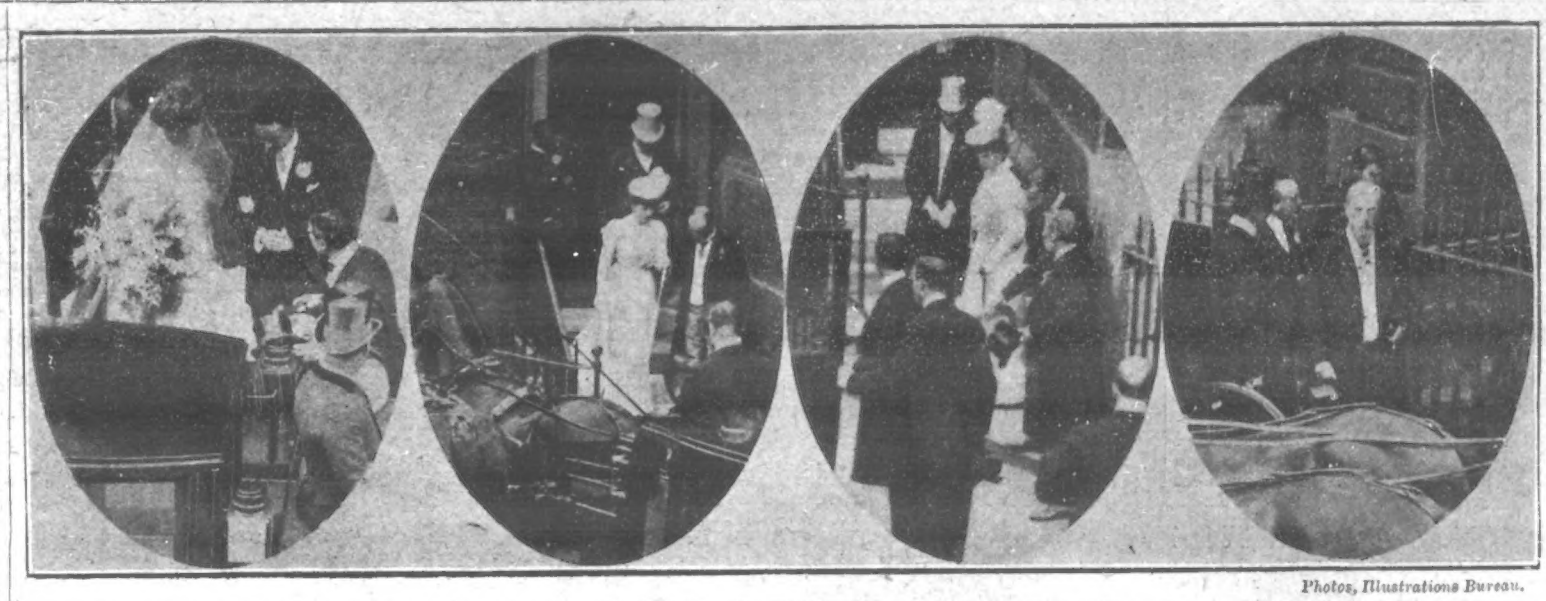
Queen Alexandra confesses that when young, she could never reconcile herself to the Latin language. Her Majesty, however (says *Chums*), was very strictly brought up, and her likes and dislikes, as regards her studies, were not often consulted. The Queen — Princess Alexandra then—had a worthy old pastor as tutor—a man deeply learned in the classics. "You say that it is wrong to speak badly about the dead, don't you?" once said the Princess to her old master. "Yes, very wrong indeed," was the reply. "The Latin language is dead, isn't it?" again asked the inquisitive Princess. "Yes; it is dead. Why?" queried the pastor. "Oh," replied the Princess; "I was just going to say something bad about it, that's all!" And then, with a pathetic litle sigh. "Oh, I do think it's cruel not to let the dead rest."

Pretty Wedding at Taplow.

A delightfully pretty wedding was that celebrated at Taplow Church between Mr. Francis Bingham Mildmay, M.P. for the Totnes Division of Devonshire, and Miss Alice Grenfell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Grenfell, of Elibank, last week. The great esteem in which the bride is held in the neighbourhood of her home was clearly evidenced by the elaborate and effective decorations displayed by the villagers, the picturesque roadway being spanned by many mottoes framed in evergreens and flowers, on which were printed felicitations. The station was gay with bunting, and near it was an arch of evergreens bearing good wishes for the happy pair. In the church, a cool and spacious sanctuary, were quantities of white flowers, with palms and beautiful foliage. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Canon Garry, of Taplow, who was assisted by the Rev. T. K. Sopwith, vicar of Shoreham, Kent. The bride's attendants were all children, five girls and six boys—Miss Joan Grenfell and Miss Elizabeth Bentinck, nieces of the bride; Miss Diamond Hardinge, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Charles and the Hon. Lady Hardinge; the Hon. Victoria Cadogan, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Chelsea; and Miss Cicely Garry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Garry. They wore charming frocks of white silk muslin, with sashes and ribbons of soft pale-blue satin, and large picture hats of white lace with blue ribbons, and they carried sheaves of white lilies. The pages were Master Geoffrey Grenfell and Master Eddie de Lotbiniere, nephews of the bride; the Hon. Ino Grenfell, son of Lord and Lady Desborough; Lord Francis Morven Bentinck, son of the Duke and Duchess of Portland; the Hon. Francis Erskine, son of the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie; and Master Jack Denison, son of the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Denison. They wore soft white silk muslin frilled shirts and white satin knickerbockers, and each carried a wand.

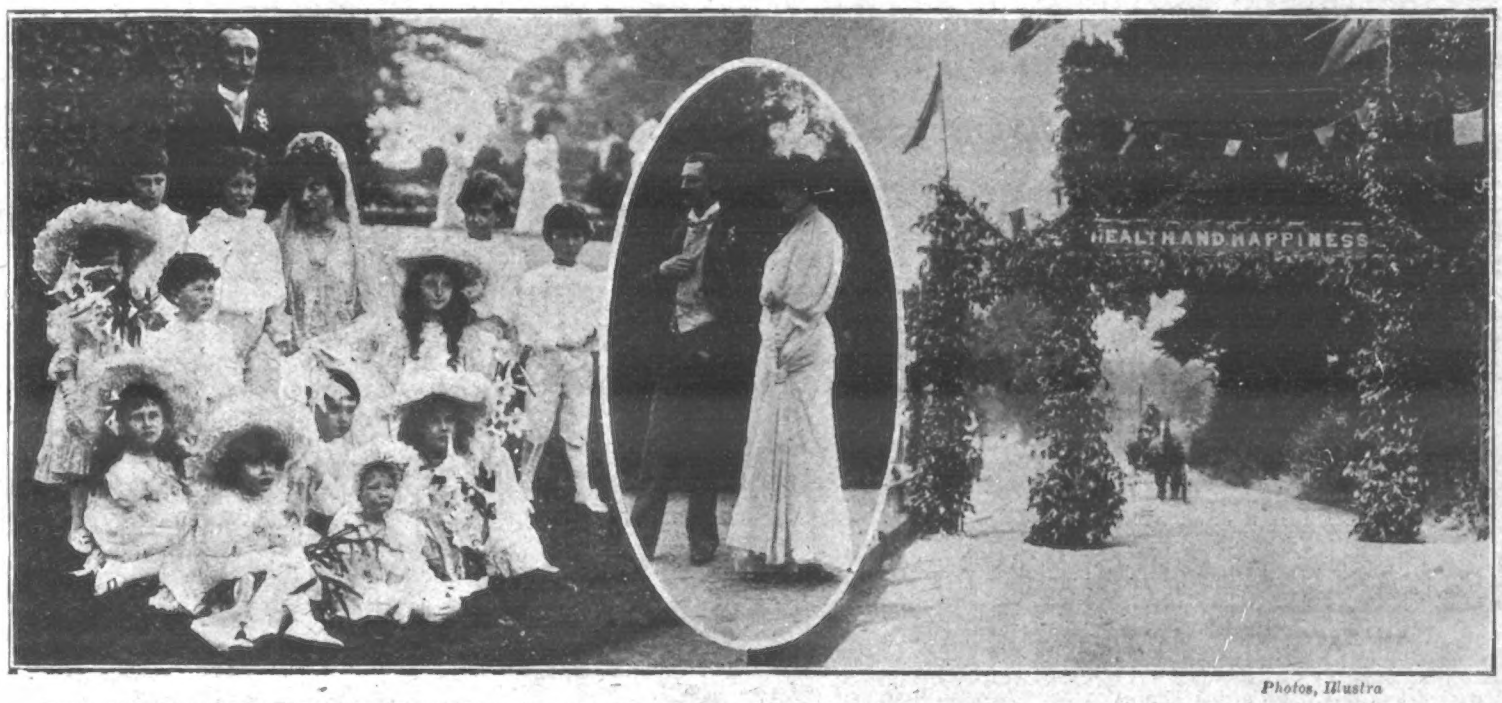
The bride, who was escorted up the aisle and afterwards given away by her father, Mr. Seymour Grenfell, wore a simple and beautiful dress of rich white satin. The Court train was of silver tissue, thickly ruched round with tulle. A wreath of orange blossoms and small white heath flowers was worn under a veil of very lovely old lace, and a bouquet of white lilies and roses was carried. The bride's train was borne by her two nephews, and then the five other bridesmaids and pages walked behind in pairs, quite a tiny pair bringing up the rear.

Many school children, dressed all in white, scattered flowers in their path from baskets which they carried. A crowd of villagers had assembled outside the church, and the bride and bridegroom left amid a demonstration of great enthusiasm, and drove through the gaily-decorated village to Taplow Court, where they received the congratulations of their friends.



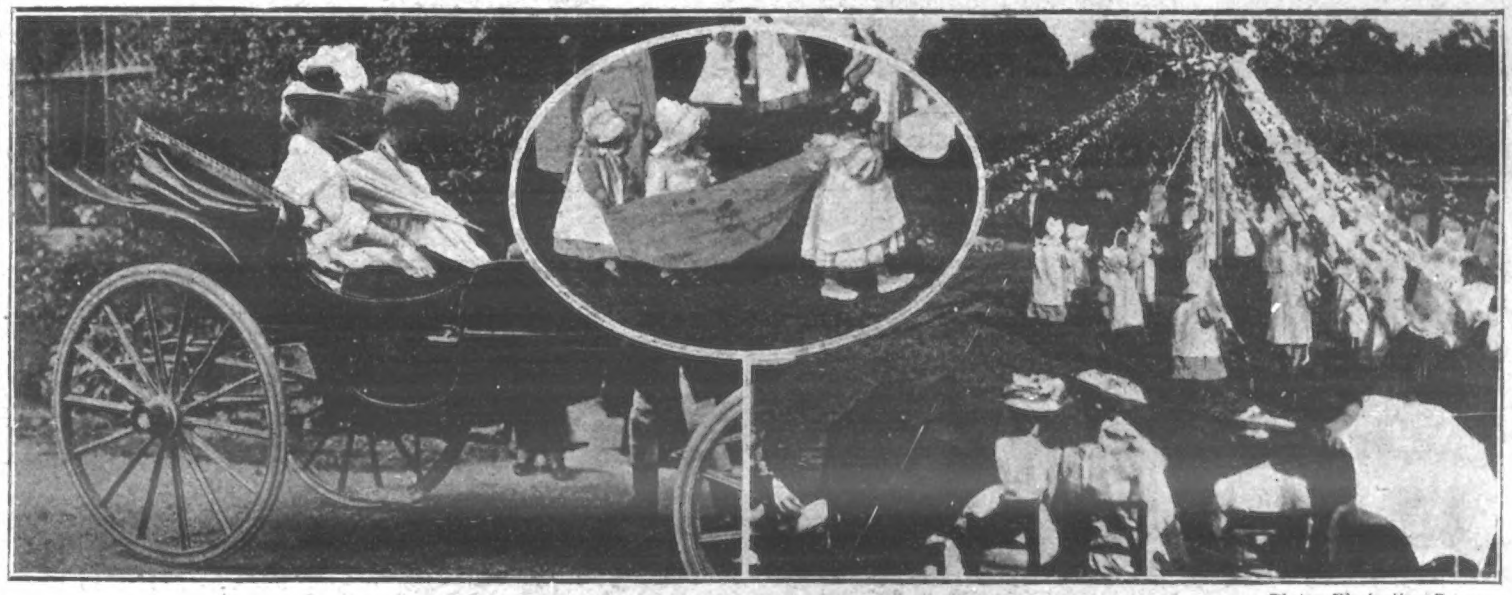
Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE ACHESON-WARD WEDDING AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: 1. Lady Mary leaving the church with her husband after the ceremony. 2. The King and Queen leaving the church. 3. The Prince and Princess of Wales 4. The Duke of Devonshire waiting for his carriage.



Photos, Illustra

THE MILDMAY-GRENFELL WEDDING AT TAPLOW: 1. The Bride and Bridegroom with their pretty child attendants 2. Lord Bentinck. 3. A triumphal arch erected by the villagers.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

GARDEN FESTIVAL AND FÊTE AT ST. JOHN'S HOME, CLEWER: 1. The arrival of Princess Alexander of Teck, who opened the fete. 2. The May-pole dance. Inset is a photo of the Queen of Summer and her little ladies-in-waiting.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: A unique photograph of the Gladstone family watching the ventriloquist who amused the tenant farmers at the coming of age festivities at Hawarden. Front row (from left to right): The two Misses Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, ———, Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, and Mr. H. N. Gladstone.

Regatta Week at Cowes.

From to-day (Friday) the little Solent port, Cowes, will become, in accordance with annual custom, the "centre of the world," socially speaking, for one short week. Given fine weather conditions, the regatta week of 1906 promises to be a brilliant social success, while to those who follow the regattas solely for the sport the racing should prove more interesting than at any regattas in recent years.

A view of Cowes Roads on any day from to-morrow will disabuse the minds of anyone holding the belief that yachting is a decaying sport.

A feature of the regattas of recent years has been the growing popularity of the steam yacht, and it seems strange to the present generation of yachtsmen to be reminded that there was a time when a steam vessel was not admitted to the fleet of the Royal Yacht Squadron. There will be many familiar craft present, some taking part in the racing, others merely cruising, or perhaps remaining at anchor for the greater part of the time, entertaining on board being a feature of the week.

It is six years since the famous cutter *Britannia* took part in any racing, but the King always has her in commission for the week, and she is to be seen under way every day in charge of her old racing skipper, Carter, with large parties of guests on board. Among the principal craft taking part in the racing will be *Kariad*, the cutter originally built for Mr. C. D. Rose, but never fitted out by him. She was owned by Mr. Kenneth Clark for a few seasons, but this year she flies the red-and-blue chequered flag of Sir James Pender. A new vessel which sails in the big class is *Nyria*, built for Mr. R. Young this year. She is a remarkably smart craft, and is making a striking record. *White Heather*, Mr. Myles Kennedy's 150-tonner, appears in cutter rig this year, having been altered from that of yawl. She won the King's Cup at Kingstown in June and the King of the Belgians' Cup at Ostend.

Navahoe, the old Herreshoff boat, will sail in the more important events. She flies the colours of Herr G. J. Watzen. *Merrymaid*, a fine powerful type of fast cruising cutter, owned last year by Mr. Robert Young, is owned this year by Mr. J. E. Terry, a recruit to the sport. Colonel Bagot's cutter *Creole*, which must have a total of nearly four hundred prizes to her credit by now, will be entered for all races open to her, and among her keenest opponents will be Mr. A. K. Stothert's 63-ton cutter *Rosamond*, one of the most successful handicap racers this season. Mr. Hamilton Benn's *Betty* (yawl) takes part in the handicap racing; while among the older craft there will be Mr. J. Ferguson's *Nicandra*, better remembered as *Vanduara* back in the "eighties"—the days of straight stern cutters and tall bulwarks—and another still older cutter in Mr. Rait's *Fiona*, famous in the "seventies."

There will be a large muster of schooners, which make an imposing sight under way with their clouds of canvas. These will include the German Emperor's *Meteor*, Lord Iveagh's *Cetonia*, Herr Max Guilleaume's *Clara*, Mr. Claud Cayley's *Adela*, Mr. George Flett's *Evelyn*, and Mr. Solomon's *Sunshine*.

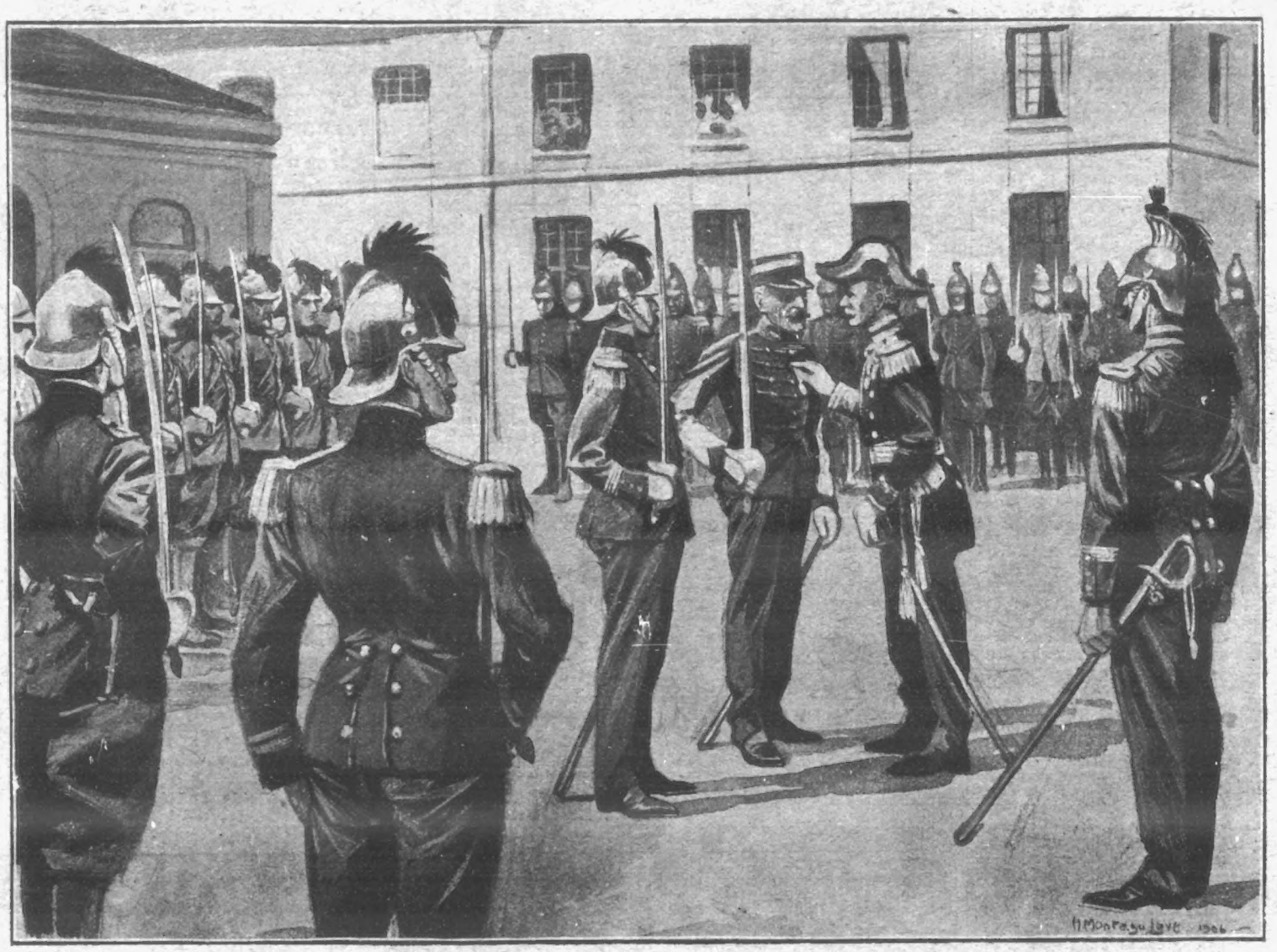
Racing enthusiasts take great interest in the contest between the yachts of the 52ft. class. These vessels are thoroughbred racers, always sailing on even terms, and an international tone is imparted to their racing by the fact of one—*Sonya*—being an American boat designed by the famous Nat Herreshoff. She is owned by Mrs. Turner Farley. Her competitors are *Britomart*, owned by Mr. W. P. Burton, who sails his boat himself, and *Moyana*, owned by Mr. J. W. Leuchars.

A vessel that will attract much attention will be the King of Spain's steam yacht *Giralda*. This handsome yacht is well known in the Solent, having originally belonged to the late Mr. McCalmont, who sold her to the Spanish Government at the time of the Spanish-American War.

There are certain well-known yachts that one always looks for at Cowes, and among these none is better known than Lord Brassey's *Sunbeam*, at one time the largest yacht afloat, but now surpassed in size by many more modern steam vessels. *Honor*, Baron de Forest's steam yacht, will be seen in the anchorage; also Mr. Howard Gould's *Niagara* and Sir Thomas Lipton's *Erin*; while, of course, the flags of the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the squadron—the Marquis of Ormonde and the Duke of Leeds—will be flying at the trucks of their respective craft.

Photos, Hamilton

THE FRENCH NATIONAL FÊTE: 1. The arrival of President Fallieres at Longchamps. 2. The Ministers of the King of Cambodia in their national costume. 3. Some of the Foreign Military Attaches.

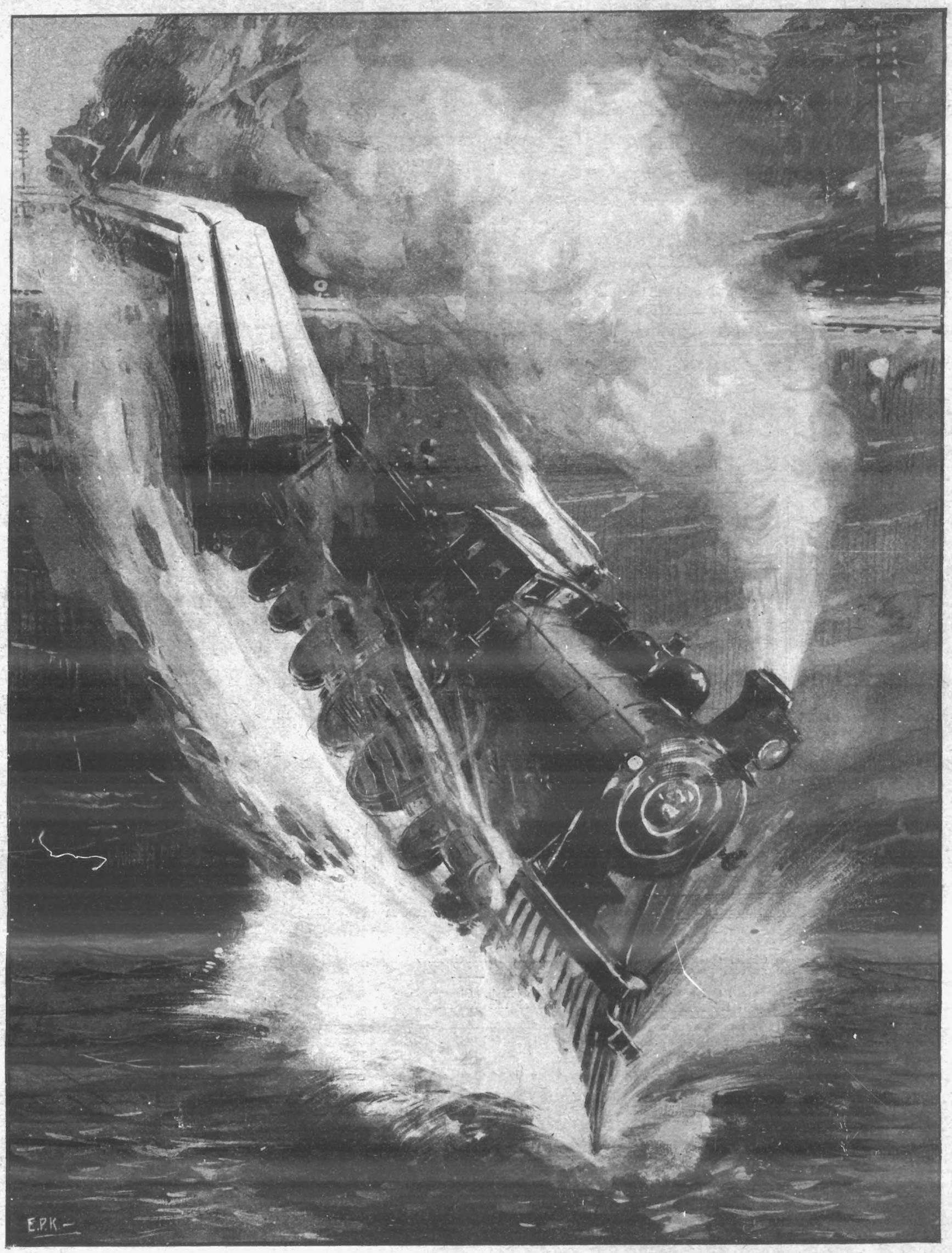


MAJOR DREYFUS HONOURED WHERE HE WAS DEGRADED: Last week in a courtyard of the Ecole Militaire Major Dreyfus was formally decorated with the Legion of Honour in the presence of a body of troops commanded by a general. The courtyard in which this interesting ceremony took place was not more than a stone's-throw from the courtyard in which eleven years ago the then ex-Captain Dreyfus was paraded in front of troops and solemnly stripped of his uniform amid shouts of "Death to the traitor."

Photos, Illustrations Bureau

THE POLICE COMMISSION: 1. Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., arrives. 2. Sir Edward Henry, police commissioner drives up in his motor-car. 3. Mr. Muskett, the solicitor, who appears for the police.

Express Train Plunges Into a Lake.



The "Great Northern Flier," westbound, left the rails near Spokane last week, and the fore portion plunged into the depths of the Diamond Lake. Thirteen passengers and four railway employees went down with the detached engine and front smoking carriage, and were not seen again. The accident happened at a spot which is weirdly perilous. As the train rushed from a tunnel it had to run along the ledge of a precipice over a 300ft. deep gorge. It left the rails immediately after leaving the tunnel, and before the passengers realised what had happened the fore part had disappeared into the depths below. The remaining carriages were twisted and shattered, but miraculously remained perched half-hanging over the precipice. Owing to the darkness the people were rescued with great difficulty. Another somewhat similar disaster occurred on Sunday, fifty people being killed and injured.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Never in the history of county cricket has more interest been taken in a match than that between Surrey and Yorkshire, which ended last Saturday in a victory for Surrey by nine wickets. The issue of the game meant much to both sides, and it is apparent that the event had been looked forward to with the utmost interest by lovers of cricket, for on the first day some 30,000 people surrounded the playing arena at the Oval.

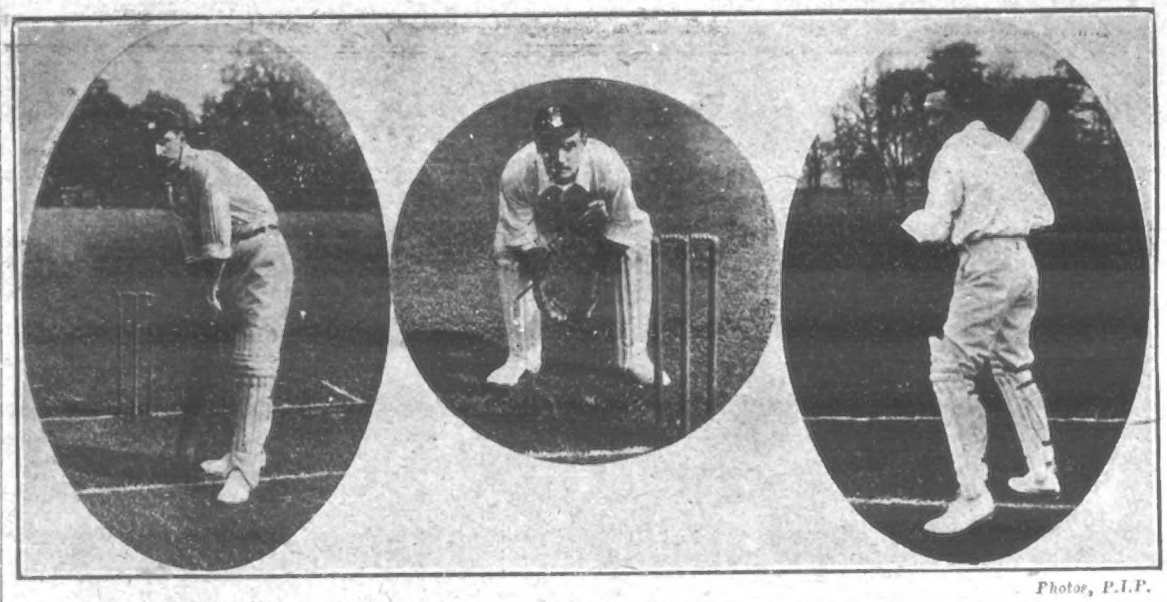
Lucky it was for Walter Lees, for whose benefit the match was set apart, that the weather remained fine from beginning to end at the Kennington enclosure. In journeying down there last Friday I was almost drenched in a storm which raged between London Bridge and Kennington Park, but at the Oval only a few raindrops fell. And the outcome of the favourable weather is that Lees will get well over £3,000 to add to his banking account. He deserves every penny, for since Richardson and Lockwood retired from Surrey cricket Lees has borne the brunt of the bowling until Knox flashed on the scene.

Let me say at once that Knox's flash has not proved a "flash in the pan." He is the most-talked-of cricketer of to-day, not even excepting Hayward and Hirst. These three celebrities played a big part in the great match, and to my mind chief honours rested with the young amateur. Without his disconcerting bowling the Surrey batsmen would never have had a chance of pulling off the match. He fairly got the Yorkshiremen—or most of them—into trouble, and, seeing that he was lame for a considerable time, his performance in taking ten wickets for 181 runs is something to be proud of.

Hayward batted superbly, and in making 120 runs for once out he increased his lead over all rivals in the averages. Truly he is a wonder, and he is more than likely this year to beat C. B. Fry's record of thirteen centuries in one season. To Hobbs, Hayes, J. N. Crawford, and Lord Dalmeny must also be accorded praise; while on the Yorkshire side, next to Hirst, the honours fell to John Tunnicliffe and Rhodes. It seems strange to say so, but undoubtedly the superior bowling of Surrey won them the game.

From start to finish Surrey held the upper hand. Yorkshire were all out in their first innings for 186, in reply to which Surrey ran up the splendid total of 387. The Northerners did much better at their second attempt, scoring 297, and it is probable that if they could have managed to keep in for another half-hour they would have saved the match. But, as it was, the end came soon after half-past five on Saturday, Surrey obtaining, with only one wicket down, the ninety-seven necessary to win. At least they obtained ninety-six of them, and then the crowd broke over the ground. Lord Hawke took in the situation at a glance, and ordered Haigh to bowl a wide and so give Surrey the victory. This is the first time that Surrey have beaten Yorkshire at the Oval since 1898. There is a long way to travel yet, but Surrey's chances for the Championship are rosy indeed.

At Leyton, Essex made a sad hash of their chance of beating Lancashire, and the latter, aided by some grand bowling by Harry, scraped through by thirteen runs. Hampshire gained a brilliant victory over Northants by seven wickets, scoring the 242 runs set them to win in about two hours and a quarter. The contests between Somerset and Gloucestershire are always keen, and at their latest meeting Somerset clearly outplayed their Western rivals, winning the match by 212 runs. Thanks to James Iremonger, who is in magnificent form this year, Notts were enabled to draw with Sussex, and thus keep their place among the leading counties.



Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES—HAMPSHIRE: 1. E. M. Sprot. 2. Stone. 3. A. J. L. Hill.

Photo, Halftones, Ltd.

SURREY v. YORKSHIRE—THE RIVAL CAPTAINS. Lord Hawke and Lord Dalmeny tossing for innings. Lord Hawke won the toss.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

One of the finest meetings of the year is always that of the West of Scotland Harriers. This body has done a lot for athletics over the Border, and may in some measure claim to be to Scots what the London Athletic Club is to Englishmen. In short, it takes the lead north of the Tweed, and right well does the famous club perform its duty by showing the way in all matters athletic in Scottish circles.

Celtic Park, Glasgow, was the venue of this year's meeting, and the several races on Saturday were of more than usual interest. The principal event was a half-mile invitation handicap, limited to twelve runners. This was a splendid race, but A. Astley, of the Salford Harriers, who figured at scratch, was always outclassed with his handicap penalty, as G. Butterfield (5yds. start), of the Darlington Harriers, won by 2yds. in the fast time of 1min. 57 1-5secs. J. McGough, of the Bellahouston Harriers, was second from the same mark, and the third prize fell to H. H. Fleetwood, of the Sefton Harriers, whose handicap allowance was 10yds.

A three-miles walking handicap was also of more than passing importance from the fact that the all-comers' record was beaten. This was accomplished by R. E. Wilkinson, of the Sefton Harriers, who, starting from scratch, won in 21mins. 21 2-5secs. During the race, Richard Quinn, of the Motherwell Harriers, who also started from the back-mark, put up new Scottish intermediate figures as follows: One mile, 7mins. 1 4-5secs., and two miles, 14 mins. 16 2-5secs. It was a splendid race, and Wilkinson only won by a yard.

In the other events, R. C. Duncan, of the Highland School A.C., scored a good win in the 100yds. open handicap; D. Gould, of the Grand National A.C., won a lap cycle race; Tom Nicholson, though he failed to win the event, threw the hammer 150ft. 0½in.; and a two-lap cycle race was secured by J. W. Nathaniel, of the Vulcan C.C. There were several other interesting events, but space prevents me from giving more than the leading features of Saturday's racing.

The annual sports of the Reading A.C. unfortunately clashed with the local regatta, and the attendance at Palmer Park was much below the average. It was a great pity, for the efforts of the Palmer family in the interest of sport cannot be overestimated. To Mr. Howard Palmer, in particular, the thanks of all athletes in the Berkshire county town are due, for it is largely owing to his untiring energy that the meeting owes its success in past years.

The 440yds. race for the Championship of Berkshire was won by S. R. Hunt, of the promoting club, but the time, 55 4-5secs., was altogether unworthy of the occasion. The 100yds. championship of the county fell to P. J. Deadman, in the fair time of 10 4-5secs. A. Cordery, of the Paddington C.C., won a one-lap cycle race, and J. P. Chilvers, of the Finchley Harriers, won the half-mile open handicap. The 100yds. resulted in favour of R. Gollings, of the St. Bride's Institute A.C.; the one-mile walk went to A. P. Spencer, of the United Harriers; W. Lower passed over the line first in the mile bicycle handicap; and other winners were: F. C. Dimmock (1,000yds. scratch race), A. H. Tilley (250yds.), and E. Jones (one mile flat handicap). The relay race was won by the South London Harriers, who defeated the L.A.C. team.

E. Payne, the Worcester flyer, won the half-mile scratch bicycle race at the Salford Police sports, but there was nothing else on the programme worthy of comment. At the South-end open meeting, J. A. Miller and H. S. Harmer fought their Chelmsford battle over again. It will be remembered that they were adjudged to have run a dead heat in the Essex Championship, but the decision of the judges was severely commented upon, and the match of last Saturday was the outcome. This time there was no cause for doubt, as Miller won by half a yard in the excellent time of 10 1-5secs. Other winners at the meeting were F. Ord (100yds.), A. W. Cook (half-mile), J. Neve-Fisher (300yds.), and W. Reece (one mile).

SWIMMING.

There were many crack swimmers at the Thames meeting at Surbiton last Saturday. P. K. Metcalfe, of the Otter S.C., beat F. W. Fisher-Brown (the holder), in the 880yds. open scratch race, the victory being accomplished by no less than 30yds. The 100yds. invitation handicap was won by another Otter member, W. H. M. Mark; while the 440yds. handicap went to F. W. Wright (Volunteer S.L.); and the 100yds. handicap (open to the boys of Westminster School) to O. Gassett, who was at scratch.—Cecil Healey, the Australian, competed at the Broomfield Park gala, and won an 88yds. scratch race very easily. At the same meeting A. H. Grose won the quarter-mile club championship; R. G. Jordan, the Bowes Park Cup; and Miss Teesdale, the 88yds. ladies' scratch race.—The Amateur Diving Association's bowl was won by H. Smyrke at the Highgate Ponds.—H. W. Faircloth, the Southern Counties champion, took the Holloway United Club's Championship at Ditton.—In the West-end Championships, decided at Richmond, C. J. McGowan took the individual honours, while his club (Harrodian) won the team event.

ROWING.

By defeating James Stansbury on the Paramatta river last Saturday, Geo. Towns regained the Sculling Championship of the world. The course was 3 miles 330yds., and Towns, who by his quiet, unassuming demeanour made himself such a favourite when he was last in England, won very easily by twenty lengths in 19mins. 53 1-5secs.

At the pretty regatta of Goring and Streatley some excellent racing was seen. This was especially the case in the Challenge Eights, for which the London and Vesta crews rowed a dead heat, the former winning the row-off by a length. London R.C. also secured the Challenge Fours, the Challenge Pairs, and the Challenge Sculls, so that it was a really fine day's work for the club.

The Harvard University crew will, it is said, train at Bourne End for their great match with Cambridge University on the Thames Championship Course. The Light Blues will also train there. It is stated that an arrangement will be made for the winners of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race to meet the Americans each year—alternately in England and the States.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES—HAMPSHIRE: 1. Langford. 2. Bacon. 3. G. C. B. Llewellyn.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large Bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]

Of Interest to Farmers.

Don't leave stones in the road. If your horse doesn't stumble over them somebody else's horse may. When you see in the beaten track a loose stone fit to give a wheel a hard jolt or bring down a stumbling horse, stop and throw it to one side. It will pay you to take that trouble even on a strange road that you expect never to travel again. It is good for your character. It helps to justify your claim to be a civilised man, living in a civilised community. Every truly civilised community rests upon the theory that the care of all is the duty of each (says E. S. Martin in the Fiction Number of *Scribner*), and its civilisation is high or low according to the prevalence or scarcity of individual responsibility for the general welfare.

There are two large classes of folks in the world, those who go through life leaving messes behind them to be cleared up, and those who clear up the messes. If you clear up faithfully after yourself, that is much, but it is not quite enough. You must expect also to contribute part of your time and strength to clearing up after the weak and the shiftless. If everybody did his duty there would be little need of government. The purpose of government is to defend the weak, to constrain the lazy, to restrain the greedy, and to make the best sense of the wisest people available for the benefit of the general community. If we were all responsible and dutiful and picked out of the road the stones that we saw there, the work of government would be light.

Hard bargains, hard words, neglected chances to give help where help was needed, slanders, ill-natured gossip, misrepresentation—all such things are stones in the road. Don't leave them behind you, to plague you when you come that way again, or else to plague some other traveller. Clear up as you go along.

Boy's Clever Hoax.

The greatest sensation of the season at Newport was caused last Thursday week, when Mr. Dudley Morgan, the seventeen-year-old son of Mr. J. Rogers Morgan, appeared at a dance at the Casino dressed as a woman.

With the assistance of two friends, Mr. Morgan attired himself in a costly evening-dress and an expensive wig. The make-up was perfect, and the unknown "beauty" created a great sensation in the ball-room.

Every one was completely deceived, and several well-known young men participated in violent flirtations with "Miss" Morgan, two of them nearly coming to blows over the question of taking "her" in to supper.

The most amusing event of the evening was a quarrel between "Miss" Morgan and a young society matron, which resulted in the society matron's telling "Miss" Morgan that "she was no lady."

The young men were astounded when they learned of the deception, and the governors of the Casino have demanded an explanation and an apology from Mr. Morgan.

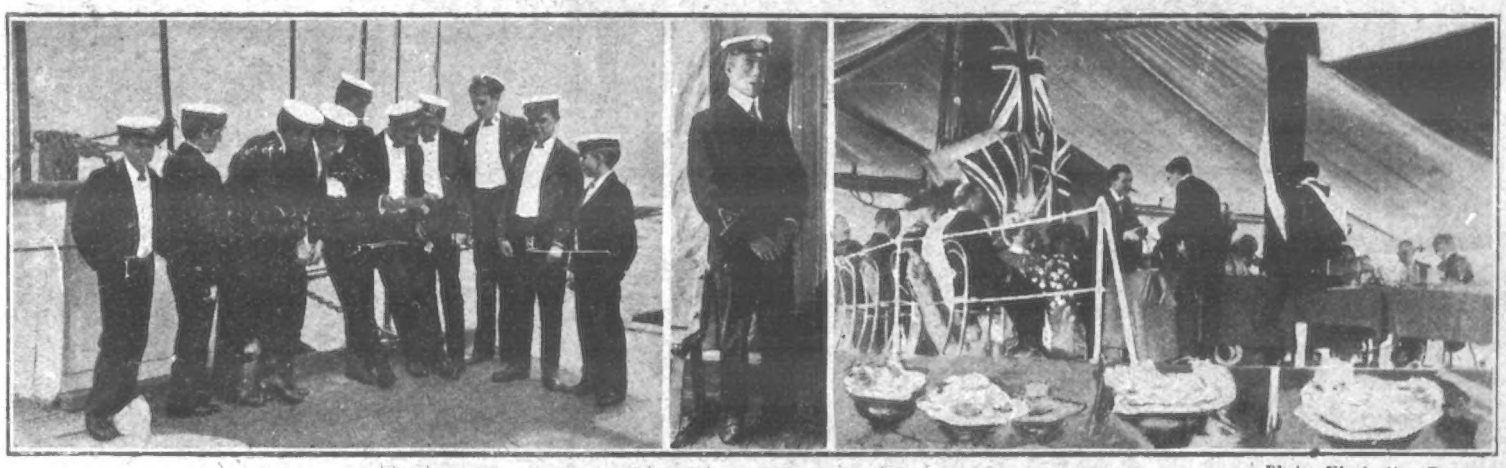
Mr. Morgan is said to have undertaken the impersonation in consequence of a bet with Miss Pauline French, the reigning belle of the season at Newport.

The Awful American Journalist.

President Roosevelt is accustomed to being fully criticised (says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*). He has, indeed, become what Lord Salisbury described as "pachydermatous"—too thick-skinned to pay much heed to either criticism or abuse. But even President Roosevelt became excited when, a short time back, a journalist supplied a detailed account of the wonderful meals in which the President indulged. According to the reporter, the President and his family sat down to a four or five course breakfast, a six or seven course lunch, and a ten-course dinner. Is it to be wondered at that the President—who is in reality one of the most earnest advocates of "the simple life"—found the fanciful pictures of his gluttonous propensities too much for him? He sent for the reporter, and insisted on America being assured of his true habits as regards eating—a hard-boiled egg, roll, and coffee for breakfast; cold meat, or even a chunk of dry bread and a bowl of milk, for lunch; and a dinner such as millions of ordinary people would regard as being only sufficient to keep body and soul together!

Photos, P.I.P.

DELEGATES FROM FOREIGN PARLIAMENTS IN LONDON: The delegates leaving the Green Park, London, in motor-cars and motor-omnibuses for a trip to the Crystal Palace last week.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE PRESENTATION OF PRIZES ON BOARD H.M.S. "WORCESTER": 1. Cadets waiting the arrival of their friends. 2. John Alexander Blackburn, who received the King's medal. 3. The presentation of the prizes by Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P.

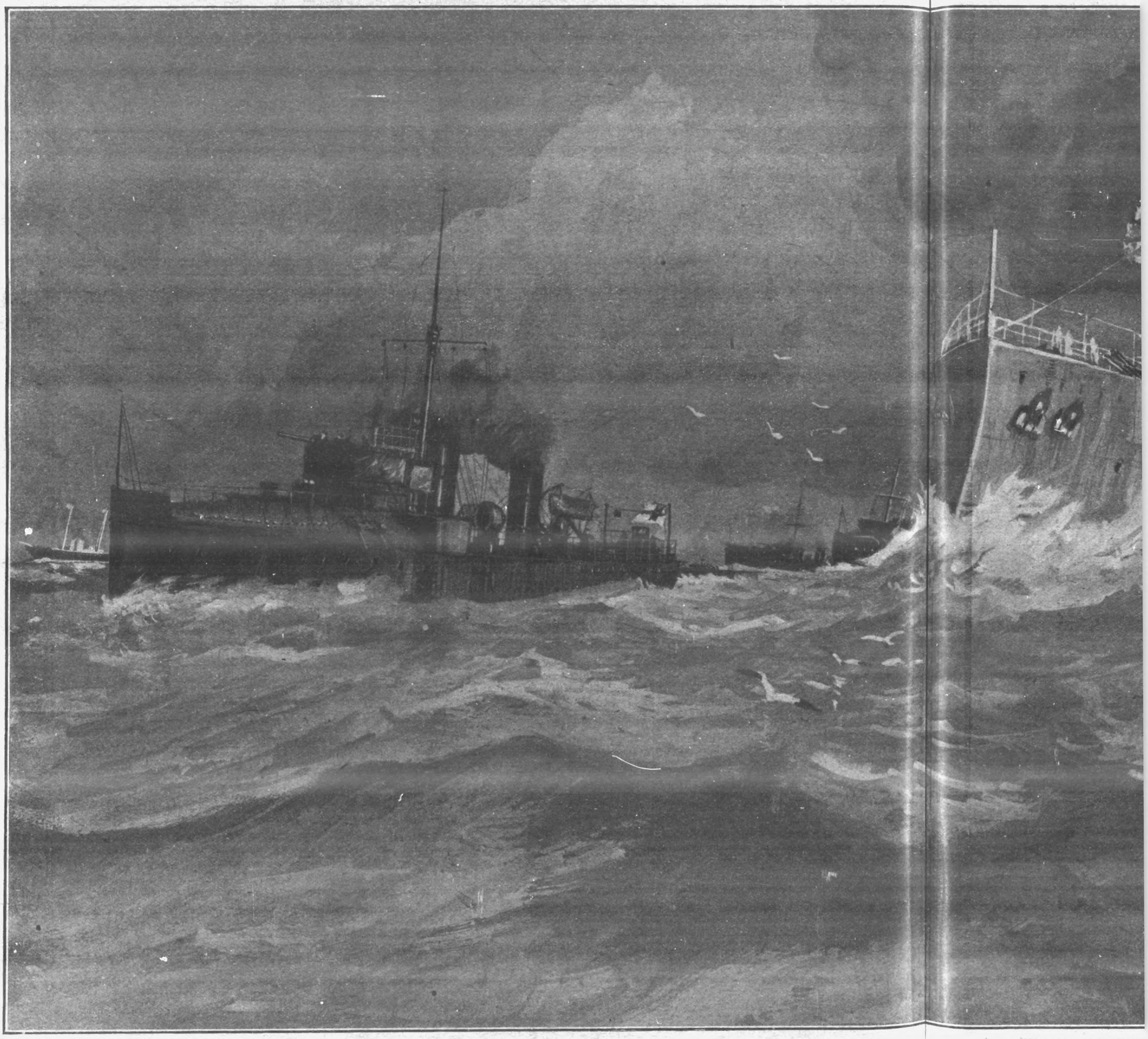
Photo, Photo Press.

LORD ROBERTS AT PLAISTOW: Lord Roberts inspected the St. Mary's Cadet Corps of Plaistow last week, and also opened a new rifle range which has been excavated under the Drill Hall. A particularly interesting feature of the opening of the range was a shooting contest between Lord Roberts and Corporal Sparrow, the best boy shot in the corps. Lord Roberts, firing left-handed, scored an inner, and so did the boy, whereupon Lord Roberts immortalised the occasion by signing his name on the youngster's scoring-card, and presenting him with a copy of his "Forty-one Years in India."

Photo, Baker & Muggeridge.

SURREY v. YORKSHIRE AT THE OVAL: Strudwick and Lees (on the right) being asked for his autograph by a juvenile admirer. The match was for Lees' benefit, and a very handsome sum of money was realised for the young Surrey professional.

REDUCING BRITAIN'S NAVY: A striking picture showing the new vessels under c



Royal Yacht "Alexandra." (Building.)

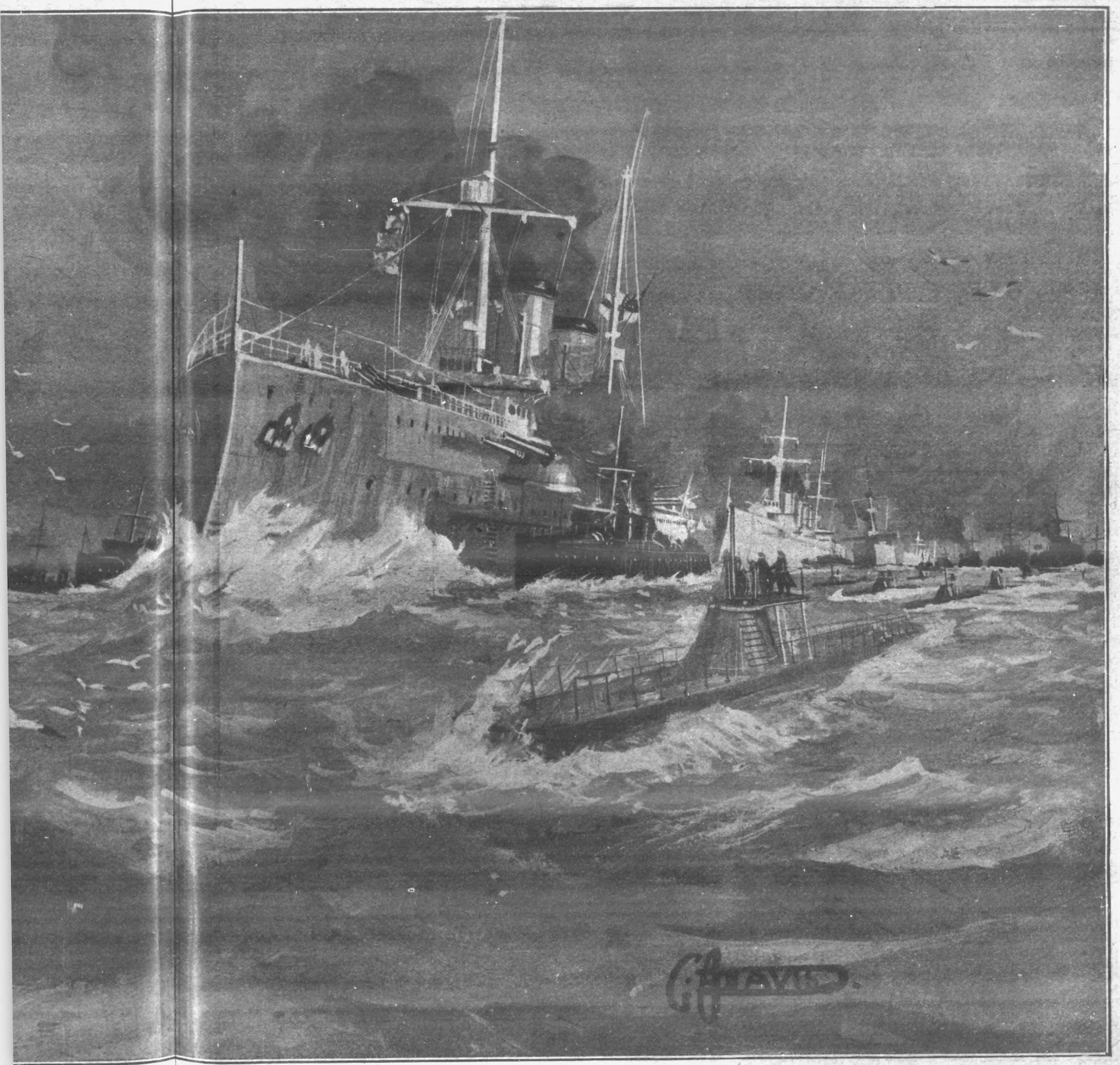
Coast Destroyers. (12 building.)

Ocean Destroyers. (5 building.)

"Dreadnought" Battl (4 projected.)

This picture, specially drawn for the P.I.P. by our naval artist, G. Horace Davis, shows the new vessels for the British Navy under construction.

ture showing the new vessels under construction, eight of which have been vetoed by the Government.



cean Destroyers. (5 building.) | "Dreadnought" Battleships. (4 projected.) | Special Type Destroyer. (1 building.) | Submarines. (12 building.) | Armoured Cruisers. (3 building.) | River Class Destroyers. (18 building.)

new vessels for the British Navy under construction. Eight of these have now been vetoed by the Government, thus saving £2,540,000.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"Down our Alley," to which Mr. Arthur Bourchier gave an end-of-the-season production at the Garrick Theatre last week, has been adapted by the actor-manager himself from M. Anatole France's play "Crainquebille."

Mr. Bourchier showed us a diverting enough entertainment, in which the injustice and the tragedy were largely lost among scenes of revelry in low life, and where both the fun and the pathos were essentially things of the stage.

In the first act one is taken to a "mean street," where, outside a public-house, one meets familiar and conventional stage figures—hawkers, urchins, and so on—and where, after a vigorous scene closely resembling a pantomime "rally," Joe Parrot, the old coster, is wrongfully arrested by Richard Pepper, the wicked policeman, despite the protests of Dr. Matthews, the kindly physician.

Act II. takes place in a police-court, the procedure of which strongly resembles that of the one-time famous music-hall sketch, "Black Justice." Incidentally there is some quite good chaff at the expense of the type of magistrate who revels in obvious humour, and refuses under any circumstances to doubt the word of a policeman.

Fourteen days' imprisonment would not, as a rule, he calculated to break the spirit of a costermonger, nor is it probable that his acquaintances would be so ignorant of the ways of the law as to greet a man who had just completed two weeks' "hard" as a "ticket-of-leave."

Both these things, however, happen to "poor old Joe," and he is only rescued from suicide by the timely assistance of a newspaper boy, who has kept his barrow and proposes supplying the money with which he may start hawking vegetables once again, which is, of course, all very pretty and touching, but not convincing to a sophisticated audience.

Mr. Bourchier played his elderly and weak-minded hero with much of his usual sense of character, and most of the other parts of the long cast were quite cleverly acted.

Miss Mabel Love, whom one is inclined to associate almost entirely with the art of dancing, has always been ambitious in the direction of comedy. After her successes as a dancer at the Gaiety (says a writer in *M.A.P.*), she played many parts in the old comedies revived at the Globe and in the provinces by the late Miss Kate Vaughan—herself a truant from the school of Terpsichore; and although, in subsequent years, she could not but feel gratified by the engagements offered her for the heroines of pantomimes and fairy plays, it was always with a sigh for a comedy part that she signed her contracts for Cinderellas and Bluebells. One of her best achievements in the line of comedy was her Comtesse de Candale in Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation from the French, "A Marriage of Convenience"—a part she played remarkably well, to the hero of Mr. Lewis Waller, on a special tour of our suburbs and the principal provincial towns. Since then, Miss Mabel Love has appeared in comedy at several London theatres, including His Majesty's; and now her latest opportunity for obeying her inmost wishes and ambitions is in an arrangement she has made with Mr. Percy Hutchinson to play the leading part in Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's comedy, "The Freedom of Suzanne."

When the world was mad on cycling, and motors had not arrived to provide a dashing background to the musical comedian's or comedienne's photograph, and to tempt hundreds of pounds from their hard-earned savings in the bank, Miss Mabel Love was seldom seen out of doors unaccompanied by her dark green enamelled "Singer." And thereby hangs a tale. Once in Liverpool when she was rehearsing for "Cinderella" a severe cold caused her to lose her voice, and as it was feared by the management that if she strained her voice at rehearsals she might not be able to sing on the opening night of the pantomime, they accepted her offer to bring a young friend of hers who had a good voice, and would sing those of her solos which had choruses, in order that the ladies of the chorus might have their practice under complete conditions. When Miss Love arrived at rehearsal next morning the stage-manager asked if she had brought her singer with her. "Yes," answered the young leading lady, "but I've left it with the man outside; it is in rather a dirty condition." "I hope you have not engaged a street singer," said the manager, looking greatly alarmed and not a little puzzled. "I don't understand you," said Miss Love. "I certainly hope I don't understand *you*," said the manager. And so they went on, in the darkness of their confusion, until, from an enlightening observation on the part of Miss Love, it dawned upon the manager that she had referred to her cycle.

Photo, Barnett.

Mr. J. L. Toole in his famous part of "Paul Pry." The veteran actor died at Brighton last Monday.

Thursday, August 9, has now been definitely fixed as the date for the production of the new light opera by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Philip Michael Faraday with which Mr. Louis Calvert is opening his season at the New Theatre. As first nights in August are few and far between, there is not likely to be a clash. The title, "Amasis," has set many people consulting authorities, but the central figure in Mr. Fenn's play is, we may say, an Egyptian Princess unknown to history, who was called by this man's name by her father who had hoped for a son. The historical Amasis was the son of a poor captain, who was put on the throne by the army, with whom he was very popular on account of his mad and merry ways. In addition to Miss Ruth Vincent, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Roland Cunningham, and Mr. Whitworth Mitton, the cast includes Miss Madge Vincent.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

Here is a "Success" tip for the hot weather. Remember that there is everything in knowing how to do a thing, when, and how fast to do it. Make up your mind you are going to be so thoroughly master of yourself as to do the work without wearing out your nerves, exciting yourself, or worrying yourself.

How much better it is to plan ahead, know just how you are going to do and be ready like that great old Von Moltke who led the German army to victory. When they told him that war was declared, he simply rolled over in bed, mentioned the particular drawer in his desk in which they would find their orders, and went to sleep again. He didn't jump up and tear his hair and rush about and wear himself out with excitement. He had things planned out in advance. He knew the value of his own vital force.

Live slowly, eat slowly, walk within yourself. Live like a human being, achieve things at your leisure. Don't rush.

One of the world's greatest laughter-makers passed away last week in the person of J. L. Toole, the famous comedian. Toole was everyone's friend. The King, as Prince of Wales, held him in the highest esteem, and honoured him with an intimacy extended to no other actor. Young players, struggling dramatists—any one who was unlucky, whether he were player or not—never appealed to Mr. Toole in vain. In this connection it may be remembered that he produced "Walker, London," by J. M. Barrie, then an utterly unknown dramatist, and that he gave Mr. Seymour Hicks his first London engagement.

A writer in the *Daily Express* tells some good stories of the practical jokes which the genial comedian was so fond of playing on friends and strangers alike. On one occasion Toole had arranged to meet Sothern at a certain restaurant. He arrived first, and, thinking he recognised an elderly man sitting with his back to him, walked across the room, banged the gentleman on the back, and asked him heartily how he was. The man was a stranger and elderly and choleric, and it took Toole some time to calm his anger. Soon after Sothern arrived. Toole pointed out the stranger, and offered to bet a sovereign that Sothern would not go up to him, bang him on the back, and pretend that he knew him. Sothern promptly accepted the bet, and banged away in his turn, with a result that may well be imagined.

On another occasion Toole and Sothern and three other men were going to the Pavilion Theatre in the Mile End-road. Sothern, who was riding on the box, had come out without any money, a fact that he had somewhat foolishly mentioned to his friends, who got out of the cab quietly while it was stopped by a block in the traffic and left the unfortunate Sothern to explain matters to the cabman on his arrival in the East End.

I wish once more to refer to quite a personal matter. Have you written to me yet? I want to hear from you. We have made many improvements in the paper recently, and I should like to know what you think of them, and whether you are recommending them to your friends.

Please remember that every new reader helps. Just think what you can do for me without a great amount of trouble. If every reader induces only one friend to take the paper we shall double our circulation. Will you do it?

VALENTIA STEER.

Told in the Market Place.

Do you know a good story? If so don't keep it to yourself. Everybody likes to hear a good yarn, and to enjoy a good laugh.

In future I hope to run a column of good stories every week in the pages of P.I.P., *and I want to have these contributed by the readers of the paper.*

It will interest you to read your own pet stories in print, and it will amuse other people to read them.

I will give a small prize for every story used.

Postcards only, please, and write clearly. Address "Editor, Penny Illustrated Paper, 18 *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C."*

Misunderstood.

Scene, chemist's shop.

Small Boy: "Please, sir, mayver wants some soap."

Chemist: "Yes, my man, does she want it scented?"

Small Boy: "No thank you, I'll tek it wiv me."

A Brute.

A newly-married man returned home on Friday night and found his wife in tears. "What are you crying for, Mary?" he asked.

"Oh, John, I simply can't help it. How those poor Yorkshiremen must have suffered. That Hayward is a brute."

"Great Scott! What has he been doing?"

"Haven't you read it?" said the wife. "Why, it says when he came in he started punishing them severely. He cut Myers twice in the first over, and he knocked Haigh all over the field. Jackson interfered, but he was no good, because Hayward drove him to the boundary. Next Rhodes came up to see what he could do, but Hayward ran out to him and knocked him over the pavilion. Hirst came on, and what do you think Hayward did to him? Why, he skied him, and I think he would have been killed, but, fortunately, Tunnicliffe ran and caught him."

Printed only the News.

John Jones was infuriated, but the editor shut him up in two seconds.

"Is this the newspaper office?" inquired John Jones.

"It is," responded the man at the desk.

"Didn't this paper say I was a liar?"

"It did not."

"Didn't it say I was a scoundrel?"

"It did not."

"Well, some paper said it."

"Possibly it was our contemporary down the street," suggested the editor, as he picked up a paper-weight. "This paper never prints stale news."

His Business.

Brevity is the soul of wit. Take, for example, the story of the two men, one of whom asked the other:—

"Do you drink?"

"That's my business," came the gruff reply.

"Have you any other business!" asked the first man, with great presence of mind.

Photo, Bassano.

MISS MABEL LOVE who is about to play the leading part in Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's comedy, "The Freedom of Suzanne."

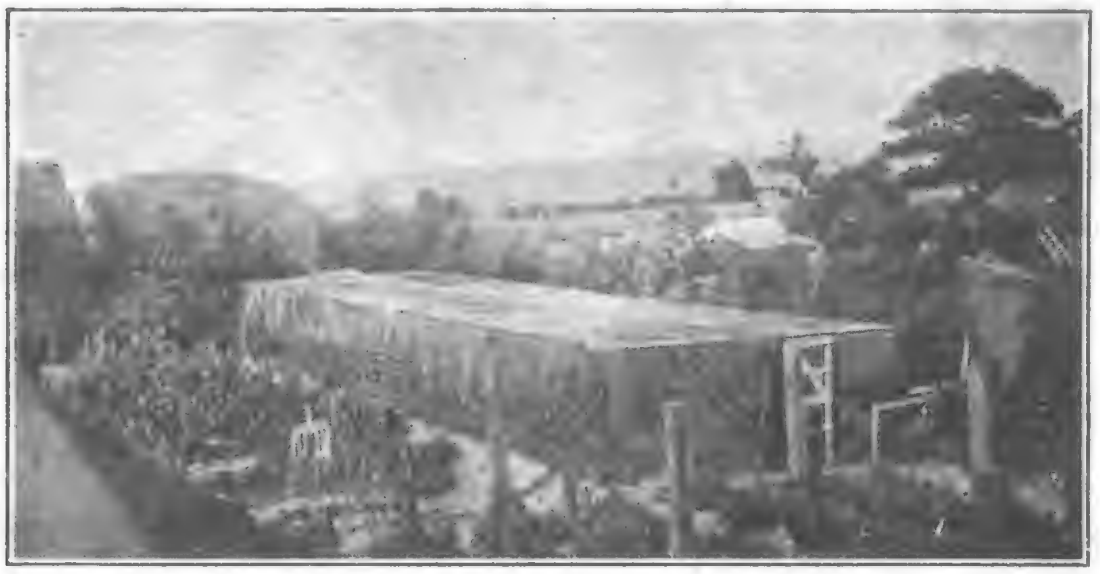
P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Late Roses.

Open-air culture of the rose does not show much progress in the way of lengthening the rose season. The vogue of the standard roses, especially those so cultivated of the hybrid perpetual varieties, has tended the other way. The "H. P." as a standard is the shortest lived of all our roses. The appellation "perpetual" is sadly misleading if by that term people look for long-lasting shows of bloom. Perpetual, in the h.p. sense, means simply that the rose so designated is a perpetual hybrid—that is, that it will repeat or be true to its original character as a seedling on its original stock, thus reversing the natural habit of seedling hybrids. Of other sorts of roses it may be said that only rose lovers who devote themselves to their roses and who burn their rose-nurserymen's catalogues know much about them. For example, how very few rose growers can show blooming specimens like those illustrated in the first week of August? There is the secret: getting them on to their own roots. If every rose lover knew of, and practised, that secret, it would soon be with the rose nurseryman as it is now with the watch makers of Coventry. Roses on their own roots last practically for a lifetime if their owner will put into yearly usage the few simple seasonable details of culture. To explain those details one should begin by saying that roses love best a strong clayey soil. Plenty of clayey loam should be dug into the sites which long-lasting roses are intended to occupy. The stock at first should be bought in, selecting plants on their own roots to commence with, or plants that were budded close to the ground on the manetti stock or the briar. A good twelve roses for working up own-root plants from are General Jacquimonot, h.p. crimson; Gloire de Dijon, t. yellow-shaded salmon; Her Majesty, h.p. satiny rose; La France, h.p. lilac rose; Kaiserin A. Victoria, h.t. lemon shaded cream; Jean Ducher, t. salmon-shaded rose; Cheshunt Hybrid, h.t. cherry carmine; Baroness Rothschild, h.p. bright pink; Margaret Dickson, h.p. white, with pale flesh coloured centre; Merveile de Lyon, h.p. white, with rose-peach shading; Reynolds Hole, h.p. dark crimson; Dr. Hogg, h.p. deep violet. These are to be planted deeply enough to cover the union of the stock. They will then make roots from their own wood. These can be severed in late autumn and planted into fresh quarters. Another plan is to take off cuttings of the past season's young wood now, cutting each shoot off with a heel, *i.e.*, clean from its base. These cuttings are to be well firmed down two-thirds of their length—at least 5in. Any sunny site where they can remain until roots have been emitted will suit. To obtain roses as late as August and September some study and practice must also be put in over early and late pruning.

In a Raspberry Cage.

The term is very real. Such a cage is shown in the accompanying photo. There is a fortieth part of an acre thus enclosed. The enclosing material is 1in. mesh wire netting. The posts and supports are of wood. This enclosed plot of raspberries is capable of turning out over a peck of the very finest dessert sample daily. It has been in pick since the first week of July, and it appears to be going on for some time yet. Now a peck of this very fine sample of dessert fruit is worth about 7s. It is possibly selling at 1s. per pound in London as this note is being written, but the grower is content with £2 2s. a week, which it is equal to at home, here. Just reckon. Ten weeks at £2 2s. are 20 guineas. Forty times that sum makes £840 per acre. How is that for profits over raspberries? The variety grown is called Baumforth's Seedling. It is a very large fruit of a most beautiful crimson colour. The plant is a tall and strong grower, and a very abundant and full bearer. This amateur grower spares no expense at starting. He is at present contemplating a similar structure close by, and has already got the posts into position for it. I have been trying to induce him to plant the White Antwerp in his second cage. I think that it would pay still better. The land is a strong, clayey loam. The site is in Sussex. It would be much less expensive to use cord netting, temporarily fixed, for the purpose of protecting the fruit from birds. There is more safety within this strong and permanent structure, and the first cost has been well repaid.



A VERY FINE RASPBERRY CAGE: A unique and interesting picture from a small amateur fruit garden.

Goats for Profit.

We were asked to say "what gain there is to keep goats if all the milk used for the household has to be purchased, and there is kept up a bountiful supply of garden stuff nearly all the year round." The reply is that goats can be kept in full milk entirely indoor; that spare and waste garden stuff is just what they like best; that the remainder of their cost of keep is so trifling that it would not be felt; and that goat's milk is better in every way than is that of cows. People who get accustomed to goat's milk in tea or coffee, or with the breakfast porridge, never take to cow's milk again kindly; there is such an unsatisfactory flavour and wateriness about the latter in comparison. The reason for the variable quality of a goat's milk—a most noticeable feature of that fluid—is difficult to account for. Certainly when a goat is milking heavily—say, four pints a day—its milk loses in quality. Stall-feeding would obviate that defect, no doubt, because the dietary would be more regular and systematic. For extra crop on garden ground as an eke out to the garden stuff for goats, every available space may be sown or planted with a short or catch crop of some kind. Cabbages, kohl-rabi, and swedes all transplant readily as seedlings. Pinches of seed sown now and again would provide those as needed. A row or two of vetches, or ryegrass, would also come in handy. Pea haulm makes excellent winter fodder. One of the best winter forage plants for goats is maize cut green when full grown, and tied up in sheaves. The sheaves can be untied and put through a chaff-cutter in winter to afford chaff for mixing with the ration of bran. The objections to goats being kept out on the chain are strong ones. They go off quickly in wet weather, they trample a great deal of food under foot, and they give a very poor return for that which they eat compared to what they do when stall fed. They get loose, too, sometimes, and then——! A good way of staking a goat by the hedge or the roadside is to have a length of straining wire which can be pegged down at each end, placing it alongside the hedge or roadside. A short chain, 3ft. or 4ft., with a ring at the end which can be slipped on the wire will then serve to let the goat graze the length allotted.

Photos, P.I.P.

LATE ROSES: Late Roses on their own roots. 1. Gloire de Dijon. 2. Her Majesty. The secret of obtaining roses thus late in the season is fully explained by "Darby and Joan" on this page.

Photo, Nicholls.

BUDDING ATHLETES: Last week most schools broke up for the holidays, this occasion in many schools being marked by the holding of their sports fixture. Our photo is of an exciting finish to a race at a girls' school on the South Coast.

Replies in Brief.

"E. E. R."—Keeping parrot healthy. We replied by post.

FILBERTS can plant as soon as the foliage on the young bushes begins to shed. The Kentish cob, the Cosford, and the Norwich Prolific are good varieties.

Turkeys with "a sort of cough."—It can be cured with one application if it is the usual result of feeding upon foul ground. There is a gathering of thick fluid in the top of the throat, which contains a parasitic organism. The application of the tip of a feather dipped in turpentine, and then in sulphur, will remove it.

It is quite correct that the King when Prince of Wales made a firm stand against dubbing and docking. JIM can show his terrier in a good class with the full tail. That will not disqualify in the least.

Dairy cows for a SMALL HOLDER in the North of England should be of a hardy breed. The Ayrshire, the Kerry, and the Dexter are all suitable. Jersey cows are somewhat tender. If the latter can be stall-fed, they do well, but they must be kept extra warm in winter.

When chickens mope about on the ground the first suspicion one gets about them is that they have lice. Look in the back of the neck and under the wings for these parasites. Dress these parts, if they need it, with flowers of sulphur, rubbing it well into the skin. CRAM can still rear; the season is all the year round, if one likes to make it so.

AUTUMN can sow red suckling (which is very much like trefoil) upon his barley stubble during August. He will only need to lightly harrow the surface, and then sow and roll, as the seed takes no burying, and roots near the surface. It is a valuable fodder plant, and it will produce heavy cuttings when green fodder is most scarce. Sainfoin and lucerne are equally as valuable, and they also last a much longer time.

Photos, P.I.P.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AGRICULTURAL SHOW: 1. The Hackney judges, Mr. John Wright and Mr. Atkinson. 2. Berkshire Boar, first prize, owned by Mr. G. T. Inman. 3. She goat, "Sedgemere Faith," first and champion, owned by Mr. S. Woodiwiss.

The Truth about the Food Value of Currants.

To the Editor of the P.I.P.

DEAR SIR,—The paragraph headed "Absurd Notions about Supper" in your issue of July 7, has aroused so much interest that I shall be glad if you will allow me to recapitulate the facts for those of your readers who are not yet familiar with the subject. It should be remembered that from time immemorial currants have held foremost place in the cookery of every Greek household, and we may take it for certain that the soft, smooth skins and beautiful complexions of the Grecian maidens owe much to the rich nutrient qualities of the currant. As Sir Francis Laking's opinions are too lengthy for quotation here, I extract such sentences as will interest every thrifty housewife.

Says the King's physician:—

"Many are the ways in which currants can enter into daily use in the household with great advantage to health and pocket . . . currants render the bread not only more palatable, but more nutritious."

And again—

"Labourers would require no other food, because currants contain sufficient nutriment in its best form—that of grape-sugar."

The foregoing conclusions are warmly endorsed by other eminent authorities, notably the late Sir William Gull, Dr. Otto Hehner, F.I.C., F.C.S., past President of the Society of Public Analysts, and E. F. Harrison, B.Sc., Ph.C., F.I.C., F.C.S. It has been made abundantly clear that these wholesome little dried grapes contain more actual nourishment for brain and body than either flesh or cereal foods, and we have this advantage over our progenitors, that modern research enables us to select and use the natural products most profitable to us. Just a word to lady readers—if Currant Bread is cut thinly, the delicate flavour of the fruit will be brought out more effectually.

Yours faithfully,
The Writer of the Paragraph.

EADE'S GOUT PILLS
INSTANTLY RELIEVE AND RAPIDLY CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, AND ALL PAINS IN THE HEAD, FACE, AND LIMBS.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

AFTER ONE DOSE.
"I was better after the first dose."—W. West, Cheveley-road, Newmarket, April 11th, 1904.

SURPRISED THE DOCTOR!
"His recovery surprised the doctor."—J. New, Southampton, Pa, U.S.A., April 27th, 1905.

MY WIFE WAS QUITE CURED!!
"In two or three days after taking your Pills, my wife was quite cured."—A. Ford, 20 Rutland Street, S.W.

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Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black.
One liquid; a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain. Acts at once—no smell or stickiness—leaves the hair soft and with a natural gloss. Will not soil the pillow. Warranted free from lead, sulphur, etc., etc. It is washable, nourishing and lasting.
Price (securely packed), 1/-, 2/-, and 5/6 per bottle. By post, 3d. extra.
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And of all Newsagents and Stationers.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The World of Tucks.

FRENCH folds or flat tucks bid fair to be one of the most popular forms of trimming, both in the present and the near future. They are at once simple and effective. A very pretty dress, termed the Hurlingham costume, is carried out in this style, the skirt having graduated folds reaching to the knee, while the revers on the pouched bodice and the full sleeves emphasise the same note. In uncrushable voile or colienne these flat tucks achieve a great success; in fact, they are ideally adapted to all soft materials.

The Canterbury Robe.

THE Canterbury Robe in cream or black silk colienne is a very good example of the dainty Pinafore style of bodice, having a lace yoke and puffed elbow sleeves, while the skirt has the ever popular deep flounce set on with a few rows of gauging. The price of this pretty robe is twenty-one shillings. Another frock, composed of that dainty fabric ninon, has a charmingly fashioned skirt, trimmed with lace medallions and tiny frills, set on three together in vandykes rising to the height of the knee.

The Advance of Summer.

BELTS continue to be shown in some novel form or other, and very effective are those made of chiné silk ribbon, and worn with white or cream muslin. Gilt or silver elastic belts are also a smart investment. As the summer advances the prices of the season's goods become accomplishment, and in her trousseau she could show, with justifiable pride, piles of dainty white garments, finely tucked and beautifully sewn, all fashioned by her own industrious fingers. We shrug our shoulders nowadays over the remark on the waste of time, and even say these things can be bought so much cheaper—and prettier—ready-made. This is only half true, for in such cases the materials are often shoddy, and will not stand the wear and tear that home-made garments will; besides which, it is not wise to bring up girls without insisting that they should be taught to sew, and be able to cut out and make their own garments. A child may be given dusters and towels to hem as a treat, and this teaches it to be useful as well as often giving it a taste for plain sewing.

Married when bees o'er May blooms flit,
Strangers around your board will sit.
Married in month of roses—June,
Life will be one long honeymoon.
Married in July, with flowers ablaze,
Bitter-sweet memories in after days.
Married in August's heat and drowse,
Lover and friend in your chosen spouse.
Married in golden September's glow,
Smooth and serene your life will flow.
Married when leaves in October thin,
Toil and hardship for you begin.
Married in veils of November mist,
Dame fortune your wedding-ring has kissed.
Married in days of December's cheer,
Love's star burns brighter from year to year.

Tiresome Little Ways.

WE all ought, of course, to possess such ideal tempers and strong nervous systems that we should not even notice the irritating little ways of our friends and relatives, or the people with whom our daily life brings us in contact. But in these days of constant rush and hurry few possess a strong nervous system, and still fewer a temper ideal enough to remain sweet when the tired nerves have been racked by some thoughtless "tiresome little way."

Before now a whole family has been driven to the verge of comical despair by one member who had a persistent habit of sniffing—not that she suffered to resemble a trussed bird. Slice up one or more onions to taste, fry in dripping till a golden-brown, put in the meat and cover with stock. Bring to the boil, then draw to the side of the fire and simmer for two hours. Thicken the gravy, and serve with a pretty garnish of vegetables.

Cold Spiced Beef and Potato Balls.

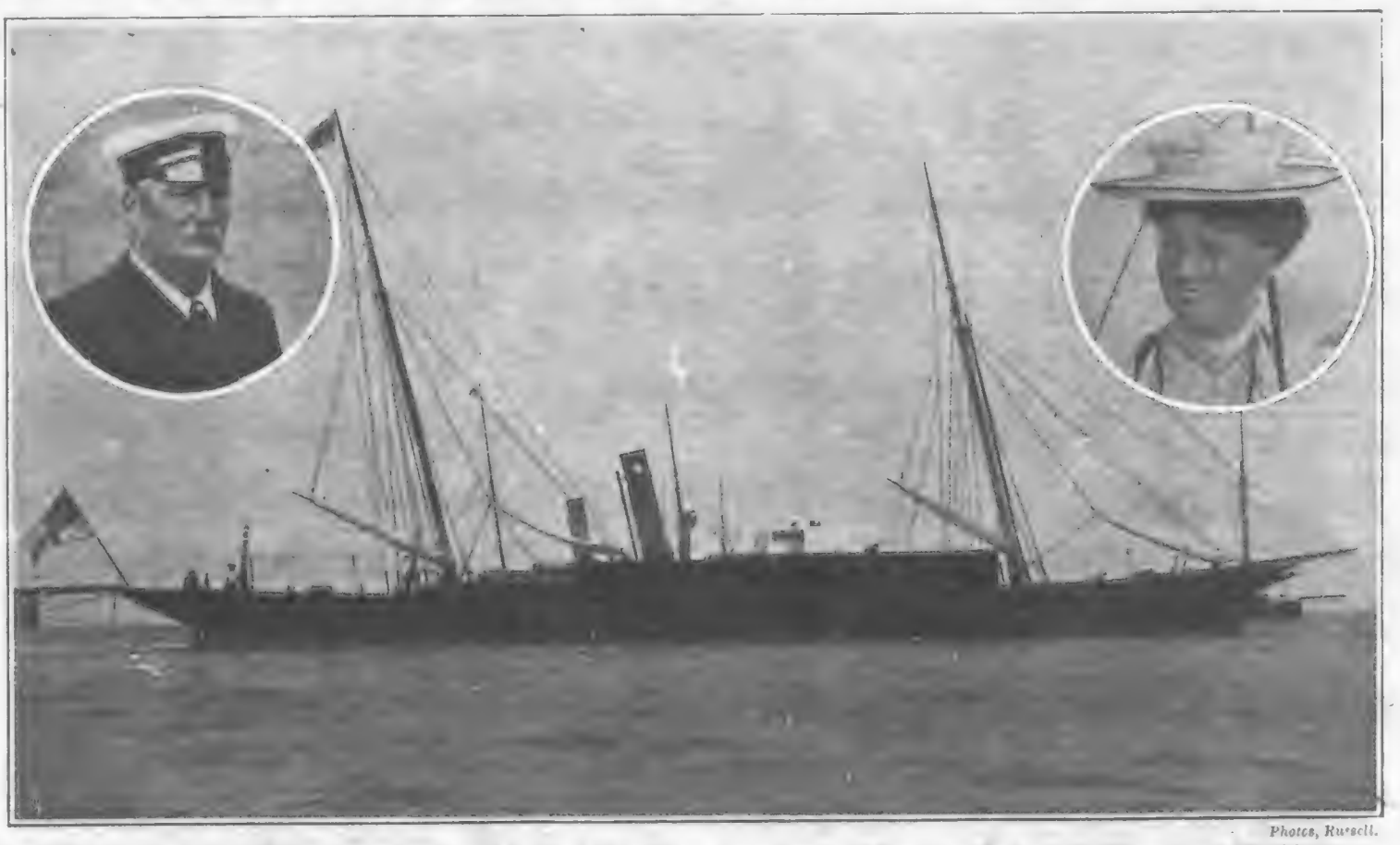
CUT the beef very thin and arrange on a dish, each slice overlapping the last. Garnish with parsley and beetroot, and with it hand potato balls made as follows: Mash some potato very smoothly with a little butter, season with pepper and salt, some chopped parsley, and bind with the yolk of an egg. Form the mixture into small balls, brush over with egg, and bake till a nice golden colour. Serve very hot.

Horse-radish for Sauce

SHOULD be dried whole in a slow oven, and then rubbed on a grater kept for that special purpose. Prepared in this way the sauce is always smooth and good.

Fruit-stained Fingers.

AFTER picking fruit it is sometimes difficult to get the stains of fruit off the fingers. With a brimstone match it is easy enough. Damp the stains, and then hold it in the fumes of a freshly-lighted brimstone match—one of the old-fashioned sort, which



Photos, Russell.

COWES WEEK—SOME YACHTS AND THEIR OWNERS: The steam yacht "Mirage," owned by the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde. The Marquis is a commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The Possibilities of Black and White.

THE infinite possibilities of black alone and white alone have been thoroughly realised during the present season, and the motto, "When in doubt choose black or white," is a valuable hint on dress that might well be hung in every woman's wardrobe. Some of the smartest women have clad themselves successfully on limited means by adopting one or two favourite colours, and keeping to them. Blue and mauve both offer wide ranges of variety, at the same time making it possible to harmonise millinery and other items of different shades of the same colour. When "making over" gowns, hats, etc., it is also a great economy to be able to select a flower here, a piece of ribbon or silk there, all planned on the same scheme of colouring. Thus a new hat may often be obtained by taking the best out of two old ones, which feat would be much more difficult if not impossible of accomplishment, supposing the hats to have been of violently contrasting colours.

Hand-made Under-clothing.

THERE is a tendency in this hurrying age of cheap ready-made clothing and underclothing to neglect that most feminine of all arts, and to bring up the rising generation to have little or no knowledge of plain needlework. In our grandmother's day every girl boasted this still further reduced in proportion. Then it is that hitherto invulnerable women are in danger of succumbing to some model dress or blouse because it is so cheap, and fall into the mistake of possessing themselves almost at the end of the season with a garment from which they can expect very little wear, since it rapidly becomes unsuitable to the time of year.

For the Pier or Parade.

DUST-COATS are much in evidence just now, and with the clouds of dust, consequent on very little rain, it is hardly safe to venture out in a very light and ethereal toilette without one. They are, besides, very useful for evening wraps when strolling on the parade or listening to the band. They can now be obtained at prices ranging from 10s. 11d., very well cut; and in a dainty range of light colourings.

When to Marry.

MARRIED in January's hoar and rime,
Widowed you'll be before your prime.
Married in February's sleety weather,
Life you'll tread in tune together.
Married when March winds shrill and roar,
Your home will lie on a foreign shore.
Married 'neath April's changeful skies,
A chequered path before you lies.

Boneless Birds.

PROCURE as much lean steak as required to suit your party and have it cut into thin strips. Lay this on a board and sprinkle each piece with a little mixed spice, pepper, and salt. At the end of each strip lay a piece of fat bacon, then roll each up and tie with string from cold or chronic catarrh; merely one of those little nervous tricks which, noticed at once, can instantly be stopped, although, if allowed to continue for any length of time, are difficult—indeed, almost impossible—to cure. Children should be instantly checked in any little fidgety habit they may develop—but be sure it is a habit.

Correct; don't scold. Treat it as a joke, if you can do so, and refer to it as seldom as possible; else by making the child self-conscious, you will render him liable to all kinds of irritating little mannerisms.

Perhaps no habits are more easily acquired or more difficult to alter than those of speech and manners. We all have our little pet expressions, which slip out at every turn. These are hardly ever tiresome while the manner is pleasant and cheerful.

Imagine, however, living with a person whose favourite relaxation is heaving deep sighs and mournfully ejaculating "Oh, dear me!" on the average three times an hour—without a vestige of real trouble; merely a tiresome little way!

Child's Crawling Rug.

A CRAWLING rug for the baby is easily made. A very simple one is made of a cotton blanket edged with a border of red twill and with animals of the same twill cut out and button-holed on to it. Another good rug is made of cheap "art" serge, costing about a shilling a yard, double width. This with animals cut out in ordinary flannel, and worked with brown worsteds, is very attractive looking to a child, who will not criticise the exact form of the lions, monkeys, cats, dogs, etc, and will find them all charming.

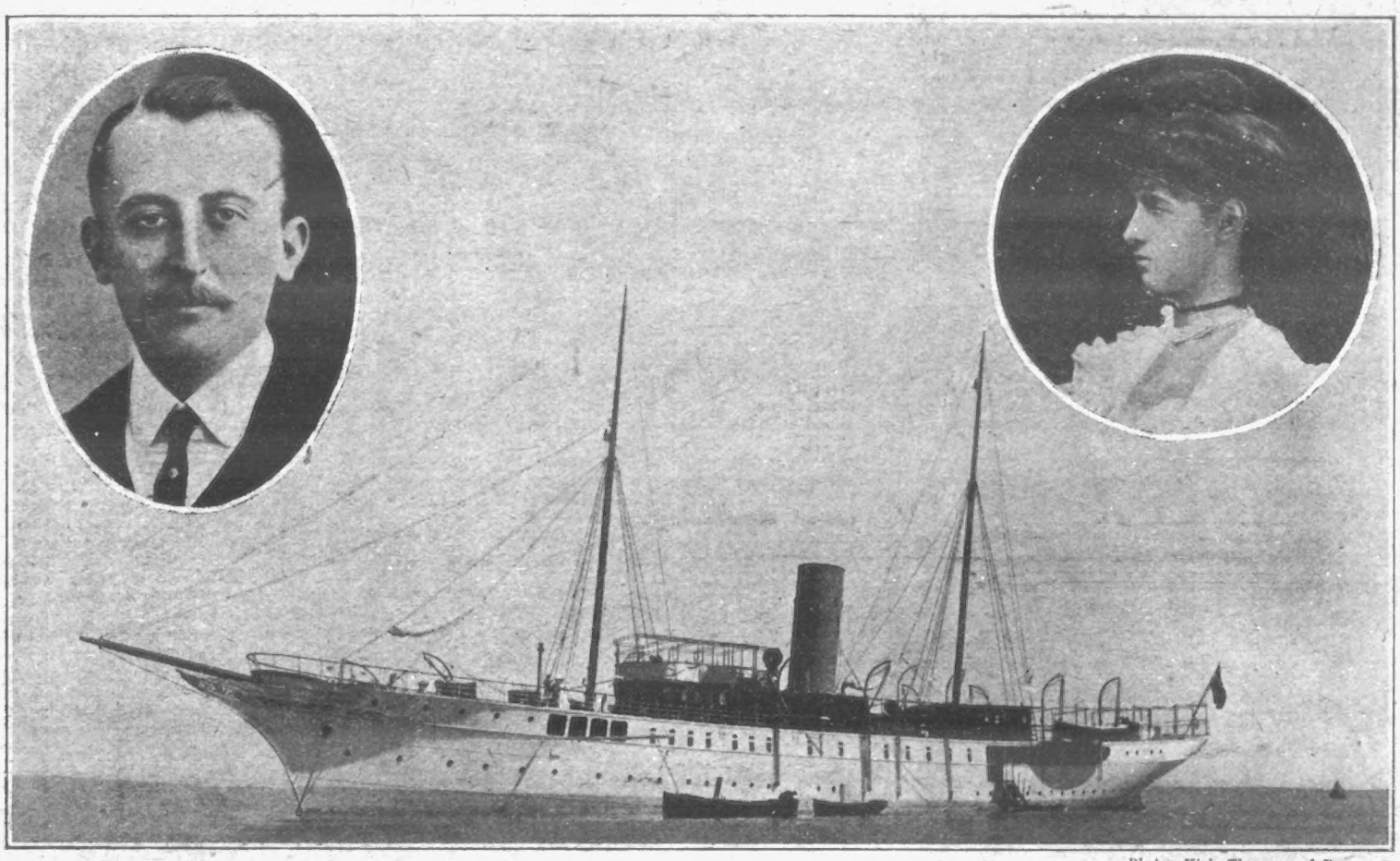
The Stupid Child.

SOME brains are preternaturally sensitive to impressions, retentive of that which is impressed, and rapid in carrying out mental labour. Others have an opposite character. We call the one "sharp" or "clever," and its contrary "stupid." If by clever we mean anything admirable, and by stupid anything despicable or pitiable, we shall often be wrong in our balancing of merits. Frequently slowness and irretentiveness are quite natural to persons who attain high distinction for intellectual conquests. Even an imbecile may be fully con-

sious of suffering unkindness. A merely slow child may know full well that he suffers injustice. Not without reason do I protest against the common practice of praising Tommy the sharp, and ridiculing Dicky the stupid. How often do we find one child in a family held up as a shining light and another made a target for jests. One child trained into a conceited prig and another made callous! The prig gains the idea that he is a phenomenon, and retains the notion until disillusioned by conflict in the world's arena. The fool of the family goes into the broader life beyond the threshold of home with the dominant belief of his being inferior to his fellows. Starting thus handicapped, there should be little wonder if he fails to achieve what men call success. Sometimes, however, he does this. Once removed from the false environment of home, the boy expands mentally. If he goes where no account of his "stupidity" has preceded him, he may find that certain qualities other than sharpness are appreciated—to wit, honesty, fidelity, energy, with those many associated traits that together make up that most admirable thing—trustworthiness. Think what this means—to be worthy of trust! You, if a wise master, might prefer placing in sharp Tommy's hands any secret service work, but you would most certainly feel safer in trusting your finances to Dicky.

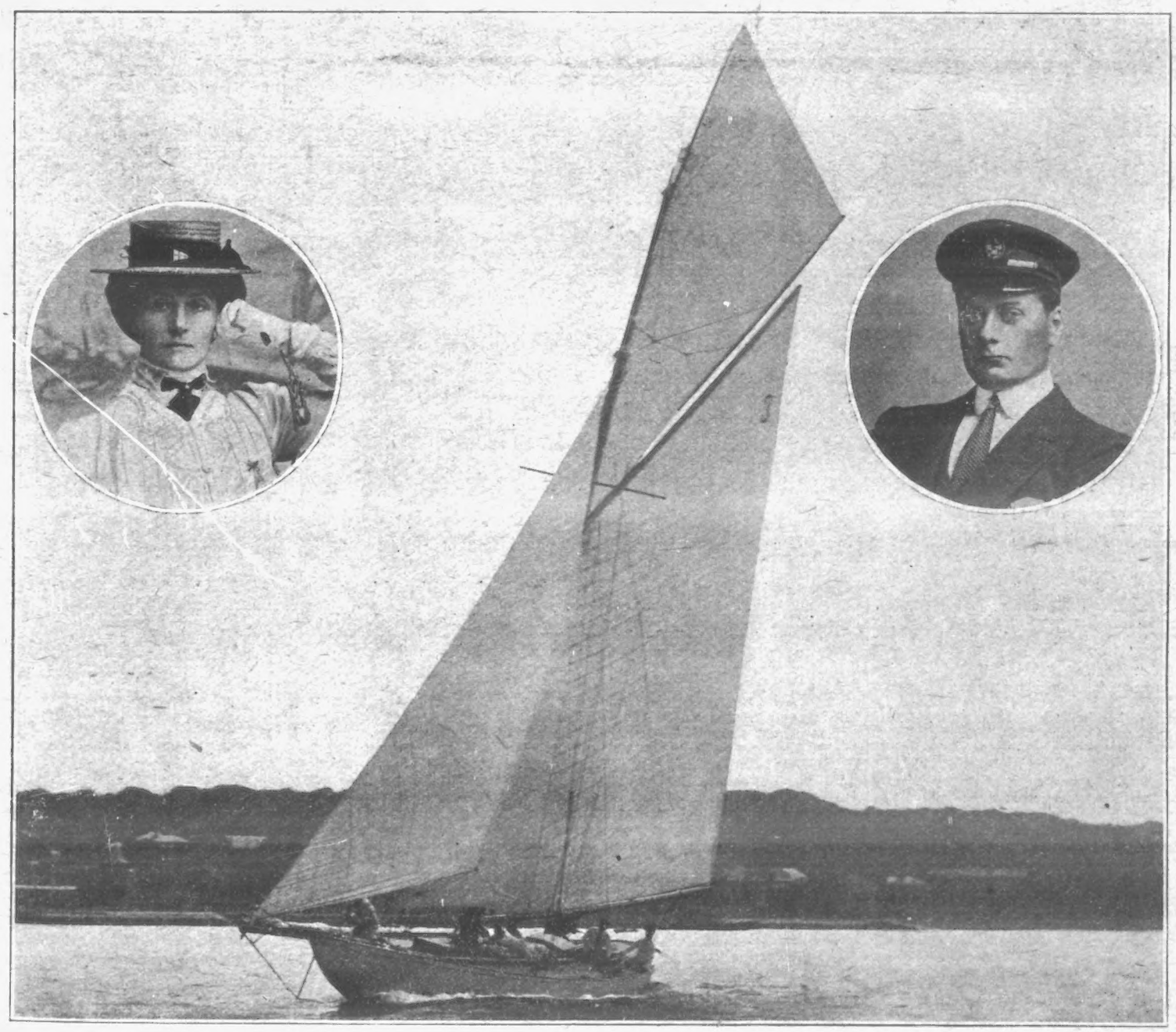
Parents, do not snub the stupid child. Do not compare him day by day with his reputedly more clever brother. Believe me, that in so acting you work manifold evil. Not only will the children be harmed, but your own moral sense. The stupid child may attain that noblest self-conquest implied in the word forgiveness; but to forget is not within his power.

And are you quite sure that the fault is not with your idiotic system? Possibly you are more stupid than the child, and think to drive the Pegasus of the gods harnessed to your rumbling old cart, laden with a loose jumble of dry "facts" along the ruts of common school life. There is another type of mind, the analytical, that does not lend itself to the methods of the schoolmaster. It does not register the ideas of others until they have been examined and comprehended. But it is such a type that makes the thinker, the intellectual master, whereas the brilliancy of the rapidly acquisitive child is apt to be ephemeral as the light from a meteor, and as useless.



Photos, Kirk, Thompson, & Bassano.

COWES WEEK—SOME YACHTS AND THEIR OWNERS: The steam yacht "Honor," owned by Baron and Baroness de Forest.



Photos, Kirk.

COWES WEEK—SOME YACHTS AND THEIR OWNERS: The yacht "L'Amoureuse," owned by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charteris.

STARTLING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Remarkable Statement by a Famous Aural Specialist.

Deafness Affects all the Senses and Faculties.

"The prevalent idea that the loss of one sense is compensated for by the increased power of another does not hold good when applied to deafness."

Such is the sensational statement made by Professor Keith-Harvey, the world-famous ear specialist.

"For instance," he continued, "my experience in thousands of cases has amply demonstrated that the loss of hearing is nearly always followed, sooner or later, by a diminution in power of the other senses also. The reason of this is that the ear is only one servant of the sensory service of the human system. Loss of hearing is really a partial paralysis of the brain, but owing to the sympathetic connection of the various sensory nerve centres of the brain, the others indirectly concerned have to combat for their very life the demoralising influence of the affected centre.

"Let us consider, for instance, the close connection between the auditory sense and the faculty of speech. The deaf man, it must be remembered, cannot hear himself speak. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that his speech should become imperfect? The ear is the tongue's guiding organ, and if deprived of its guidance the sufferer from deafness is in the position of one attempting to speak an unknown tongue.

"DEAFNESS AFFECTS THE EYESIGHT.

"Thus it is that deaf people, especially if the deafness be neglected, are always the victims of more or less imperfect utterance, which grows more and more imperfect as time goes on. The poor sufferer is always keenly sensitive of this imperfect power of speech, and thus many who have not quite lost the faculty of vocal expression, and who naturally hesitate to display their growing infirmity, will, whenever possible, write instead of utter their communications—and we know only too well that disuse is invariably followed by total loss of power.

"The late Dr. Kitto, too, who entered very deeply into the study of deafness in its every aspect, has left it on record that so far from his sense of sight having been rendered more acute by his loss of hearing, it was distinctly otherwise.

"Fortunately," added the Professor, who is the discoverer of a phenomenally successful cure for imperfect hearing, "only about one out of every hundred cases of incipient deafness is incapable of complete cure by my new method."

Professor Keith-Harvey's methods have by universal acclaim taken first place as the only invariably successful physiological method of restoring the full power of hearing, even in cases that had already been branded as "incurable" under other old-time methods. Every deaf reader, as well as those who have reason to fear that this terrible affliction of deafness is creeping on them, can learn from Professor Keith-Harvey's remarkably helpful book just how to check and cure his (or her) trouble. It is satisfactory to note that the success of the professor's methods is not dependent upon painful, dangerous, and expensive surgical operations, or any obnoxious and injurious ear injections. Space will not permit of a description of the method here, but it appears in full in the pages of the professor's new book, which also contains the personal experiences of many one-time sufferers from deafness. A copy of this book will be sent, gratis and post free, to every applicant who will write for it. Address — Professor Keith-Harvey (Room 405), 117 Holborn, London, E.C. Professor Keith-Harvey also sends free advice to any reader who sends particulars of his or her case.

THE GREAT PLOT.

- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Another Mystery.

At half-past six, old Mr. Milbourne, having dressed, descended to the ladies' drawing-room and glanced around. But, finding that Ethel had not arrived, he strolled along to the smoking-room and took a sherry and bitters, to promote an appetite. His business had been a complete success, and the hale old fellow was brimming over with good-fellowship. He was a man whom you would point out as a country squire among a million of his fellows. He could never disguise the fact that he was a countryman, and never wanted to. As a general rule, he hated London and everything appertaining to it. His hunting was his one hobby in life, and to miss a meet always caused him sore chagrin.

Having tossed off his appetiser, he glanced hurriedly through an evening paper and then strolled back across the hall to the drawing-room, but his daughter had not arrived.

He glanced at his watch impatiently and saw that it wanted twenty minutes to seven. Already the gong had sounded and the guests had filed into the *table d'hôte* room, where the orchestra had just struck up a popular French waltz.

"The little puss is late!" he grumbled to himself. "Out shopping, and late in returning, I suppose. Well, I'll give her another ten minutes. Women always take such a time to put on their frills and things."

So he flung himself upon a divan in the big, empty room, and, taking up an illustrated paper, glanced casually at the pictures. At heart, he was just a little annoyed at Ethel, for he dearly loved a good dinner, and he had promised himself a treat that night. He had looked at the menu posted up outside the room, and had seen several dishes that were his particular favourites. But, with a gourmet's refined taste, he shuddered at the thought of them warmed up.

He waited, waited, still waited, until at last the great clock in the hall chimed seven. Then he decided that it was time he went upstairs to look for his daughter.

Before he did so he inquired at the bureau if No. 736 was in, and was told that she was. Her key had been taken more than an hour ago. Therefore he entered the lift, and, a few moments later, knocked at the door.

As to Mrs. Langdon, there was no reply. He listened but could distinguish no movement within.

Several times he repeated his summons, calling his daughter by name, but to no avail. Then at last a passing chamber-maid came to his assistance, saying:—

"Can I open the door for you, sir?"

"Yes," cried the old man anxiously, "my daughter is in here, and I fear she has been taken unwell, or something."

The girl opened the door with the master key on her chain, but all was dark within, for the venetian blinds had been drawn. She put her hand to the door lintel and the next instant the electric lamps shed their light over a scene of amazing and hopeless confusion.

Both the Squire and the girl drew back with ejaculations of horror and astonishment, for it was too plain that some violent and terrible scene had been enacted there.

The girl screamed and rushed out into the corridor, calling for assistance, while the Squire stood for a moment absolutely rooted to the spot.

In a moment, half a dozen persons, alarmed by the cries, rushed in, and the spectacle which presented itself was indeed a bewildering one.

The room was in great disorder. The travelling trunk stood open, and its contents were strewn about, while on the floor, beside the bed, lay Ethel Milbourne.

"My God!" cried the old Squire as he fell on his knees beside the prostrate girl, and took her head in his hands. "Ethel! Speak! Tell me what's happened!"

But there was no response.

A visitor, a white-bearded, elderly man, who had been attracted by the hubbub, was present among the crowd, and made his way forward.

"Pardon me, sir. I'm a medical man; perhaps I may be of assistance," he said.

"Yes," cried the Squire in despair. "Look at her. Tell me—tell me the worst."

The doctor, whose name it afterwards appeared was Jelf, a family practitioner living in Leamington, knelt down, and, after examining the girl's face intently, moved her arms and listened to her respiration.

She was only half-dressed, her walking skirt and bodice having been removed and flung upon the bed, prior, it semed, to assuming her evening gown, which lay spread out ready to put on.

The litle knot of excited onlookers awaited the doctor's verdict as he made a careful examination. Then, at last, came the fatal announcement:

"I regret to say, sir, that the young lady is dead."

"Dead!" Mr. Milbourne wailed. "Dead! She can't be. My poor Ethel can't be dead! Impossible!"

"Is she your daughter?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," groaned the old Squire.

"I think that this room should be cleared," said the doctor, turning to the crowd of chamber-maids and visitors. "Will someone please inform the manager?"

"He's already on the way up, sir," replied the head chamber-maid. "I telephoned to the office at once."

Indeed, almost as the words left her mouth, a short, dapper little man with a bald head and a fussy manner entered. He was an Italian, but spoke English excellently.

"There's an unfortunate occurrence here," exclaimed the doctor, addressing him. "Will you kindly request everyone to leave the room—all save this gentleman here," indicating the Squire.

"Why, why, why?" began the manager excitedly, as he noticed the prostrate girl. "What has happened?"

"We cannot yet tell," Dr. Jelf replied. "I wish to be alone to make a further examination."

At a polite word from the hotel manager, the room was cleared, and when the door was closed the three men stood for a moment in silence.

Then the old Squire buried his face in his hands and sobbed bitterly.

"My daughter! My poor daughter!" he moaned, "and it was I who invited you to come here with me! I shall never forgive myself—never!"

Meanwhile, the hotel manager and the doctor were conversing in undertones, and a few moments later they cleared the bed of the articles of female attire spread there and together lifted the dead girl upon it.

It was then only for the first time that the doctor noticed a peculiar line around the delicate white throat. It was narrow, livid, and swollen.

But its discovery at once accounted for the distorted condition of the features, which were indeed so altered that at first the Squire had scarcely recognised her.

"The truth is quite plain," he said to the manager in a low voice, "the young lady has been murdered."

"Murdered!" cried the excitable Italian.

The Squire overheard it, and turned quickly.

"What!" he gasped, "has my poor Ethel been murdered, just as Nella was! Ah, this is too terrible indeed!"

"Did another daughter of yours actually meet with the same tragic fate?" inquired Jelf quickly.

The old man nodded. His heart was too full for mere words.

"You see there are evident traces of strangulation," the doctor pointed out, and, a moment later, glancing on the floor where the dead girl had been lying, he noticed something white and picked it up.

It was a piece of a woman's silk stay-lace.

"Ah!" he said, "this tells us the truth! The young lady was, no doubt, standing quite unconscious of danger when this was slipped over her head and drawn so tightly and suddenly around her throat that she was unable to cry out. Only a clever assassin could have used this so successfully. Besides, on finding his victim dead, he removed the lace, evidently intending to carry it away with him. In the hurry of his flight he apparently dropped it."

"Then we must inform the police if it is really a case of murder," observed the manager reluctantly. "You see that a case of this sort greatly injures the reputation of any hotel, and more especially that of a new one. I don't know what my directors will say if the affair gets into the papers. It's an advertisement of the very worst sort for us."

"Well, the police must know, and there's bound to be an inquest," the doctor said. "No medical man could give a certificate of natural causes in face of that mark of strangulation."

"Ah, the inquest—another inquest!" cried the Squire, beside himself with grief, and he stood gazing upon the body and wringing his hands. "Who could possibly have gained access to her room to murder her like this in cold blood? Besides, what could possibly be the motive?"

"Robbery, I should imagine," Jelf responded. "The disordered appearance of everything points most conclusively to that. Had your daughter any large sum of money with her?"

"No, four pounds which I gave her this afternoon. Nothing else."

"Well, it is quite apparent that a thorough search has been made of her trunk and dressing-bag. Look! Everything has been turned out of the trunk, as though the assassin suspected that something were concealed in the lining. Depend upon it that robbery was the motive."

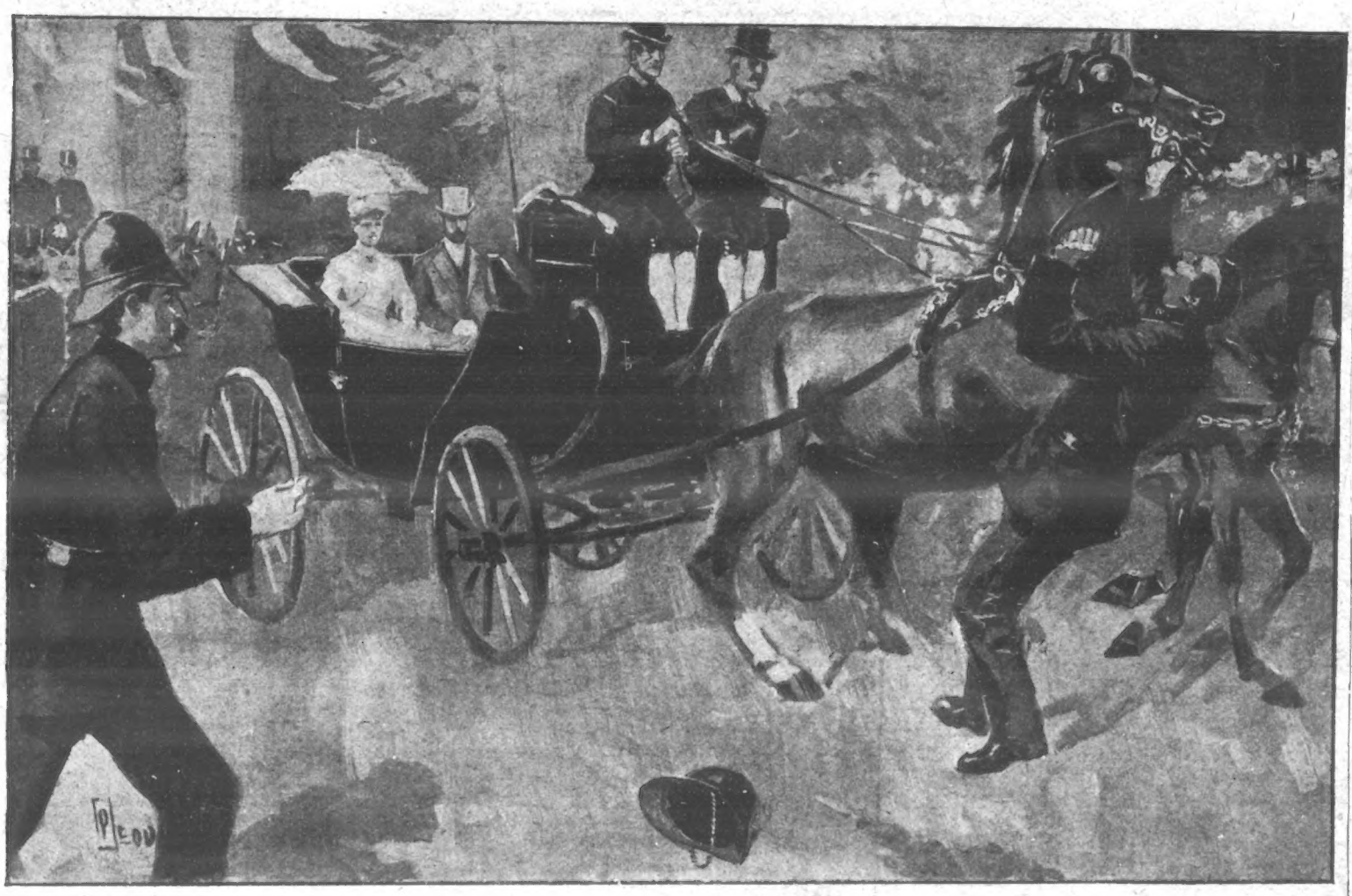
"But who could possibly want to murder a girl for the sake of two or three sovereigns," asked the Squire blankly. "It must have been some visitor in the hotel."

"Ah, sir," replied the manager blandly. "I think we ought not yet to form any theory. We must leave it to the discretion of the police."

(To be continued.)

Photo, Greig, Falkirk.

ON THE TRACK OF THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE: A crowd waiting for the Mysterious Millionaire outside the shop of Mr. Melville, an enterprising newsagent in Falkirk, N.B. The eccentric gentleman travels all over the country buying copies of "Pearson's Weekly" at prices ranging from half-a-crown to ten pounds or more. His identity is a profound mystery.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' ESCAPE: A somewhat alarming incident marked the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Hertford on the occasion of the opening of the new buildings of the Girls' School of Christ's Hospital. On their Royal Highnesses' arrival at the institution, and just as they were about to alight from their carriage, the horses, startled by the roars of welcome from the crowd, bolted. The animals swerved sharply round, and threatened danger to the Royal occupants of the carriage. With commendable promptitude a couple of police constables rushed forward, and took hold of the horses' heads. The Prince and Princess, who were quite calm, then stepped from the carriage.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON HAND.

A splendid New Serial by ARTHUR APPLIN has just commenced in

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